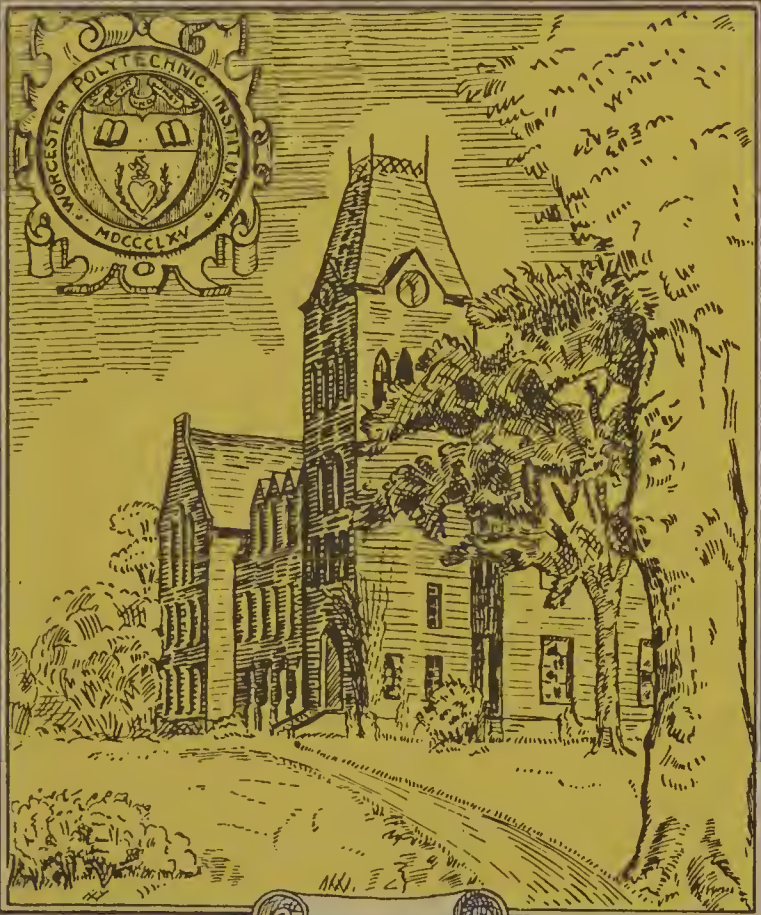


W.P.I.

# AFTERMATH

A LOG OF THE  
CLASS OF '91.





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*Leonard P. Hinnecutt.*

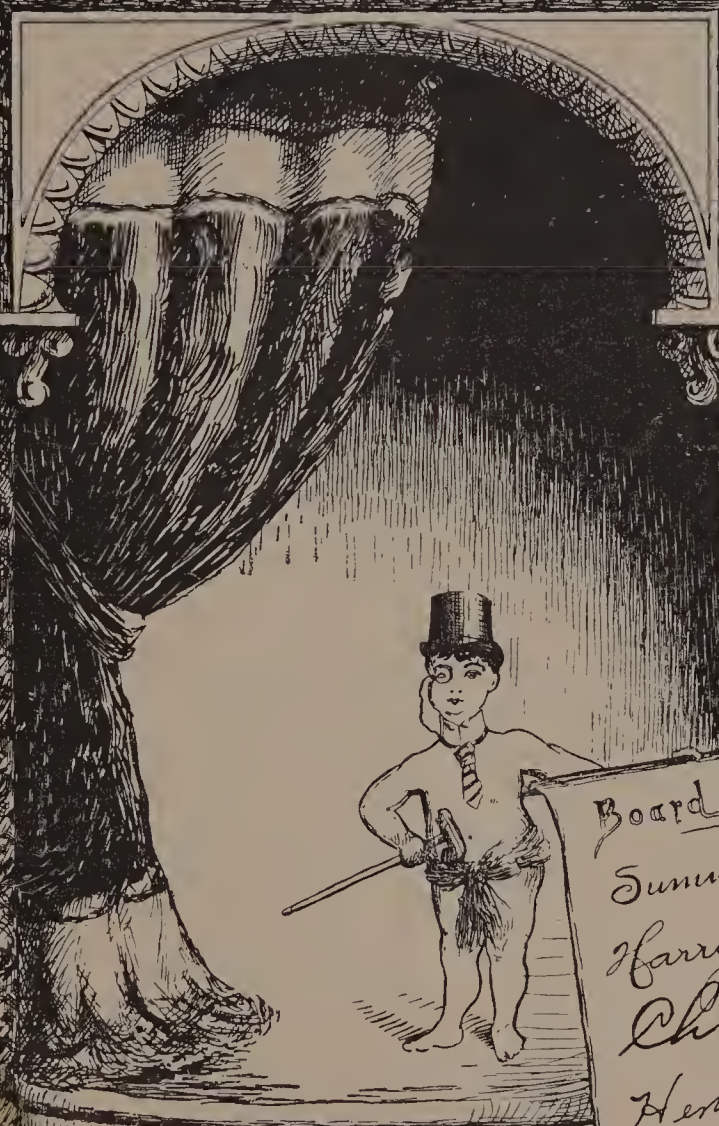


1891

JORCESTER  
POLYTECHNIC  
INSTITUTE

AFTERMATH  
A LOG OF THE  
CLASS OF '91

PUBLISHED  
by the  
SENIOR  
CLASS



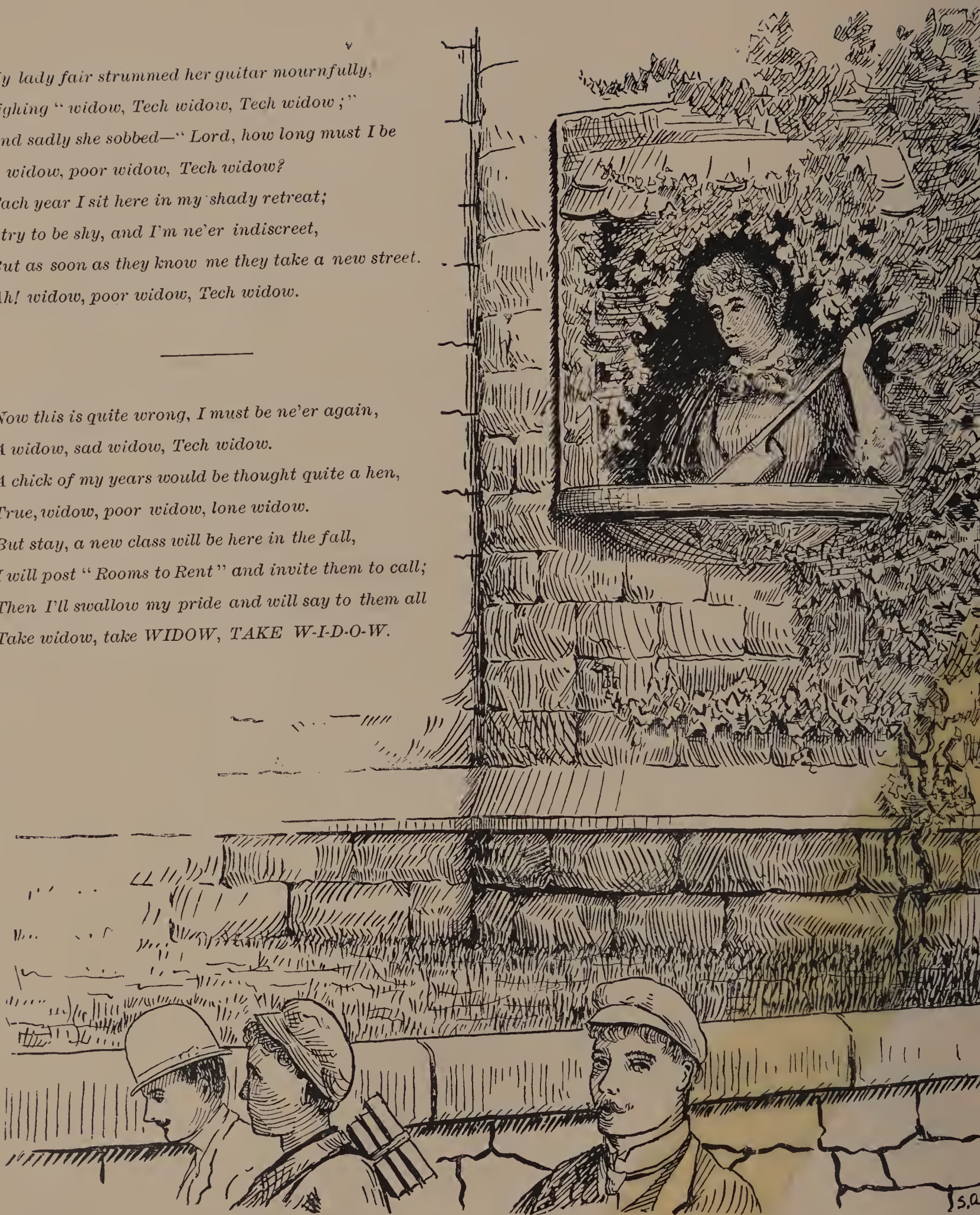
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32 Rivalry



*My lady fair strummed her guitar mournfully,  
 Sighing "widow, Tech widow, Tech widow;"  
 And sadly she sobbed—"Lord, how long must I be  
 A widow, poor widow, Tech widow?  
 Each year I sit here in my shady retreat;  
 I try to be shy, and I'm ne'er indiscreet,  
 But as soon as they know me they take a new street.  
 Ah! widow, poor widow, Tech widow.*

*Now this is quite wrong, I must be ne'er again,  
 A widow, sad widow, Tech widow.  
 A chick of my years would be thought quite a hen,  
 True, widow, poor widow, lone widow.  
 But stay, a new class will be here in the fall,  
 I will post "Rooms to Rent" and invite them to call;  
 Then I'll swallow my pride and will say to them all  
 Take widow, take WIDOW, TAKE W-I-D-O-W.*





TO THAT  
EVER ENGAGING  
BUT NEVER ENGAGED YOUNG MAIDEN

## THE TECH WIDOW

THIS LITTLE VOLUME IS  
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# Introduction.

WHEN a man is allowed to hibernate at the Worcester Tech for three successive seasons, by reason of insufficient excuse for requesting him to seek a more salubrious climate, he is liable to become somewhat attached to his environment. Sometimes the place itself attracts him, more often it is the town, with its array of drawing cards ; most frequently, however, an unsympathetic parent holds him down hard until the student is himself attached—actually struck on the place, so to speak.

Whatever the attractive force, the student is quite sure to remember the Institute for something and is correspondingly ambitious to produce a lasting impression before he leaves for parts unknown. The oft repeated legends of certain exploits at the Institute, followed by the sudden curtailing of some promising careers, shows how easy it is to create sufficient cause for being held “to memory dear.”

Hence the realization, by its members, that the Class of Ninety-one would soon be relegated to the confines of History, led to the conviction that very little had been accomplished in the way of creating that which would tend to keep its memory a proper hue. The erection of a suitable monument to the class was therefore deemed not ill-advised.

*Aftermath* is the monument. It is now unveiled for your kindly inspection, and we trust its inscriptions, bas-reliefs, and medallions will meet your distinguished approval. We won't say a word about the pages of blank verse and blankety-blank verse that are intended to be ornamental and—filling. The course in poetry at the Institute is elective and no one takes it.

Perhaps no one who has never been engaged in such an undertaking, can realize the time, the labor,—a labor of love—and even the sordid consideration of expense that has been necessary for the production of this little book.

Since all our time and labor, as per catalogue, belongs to the Institute, it is not ours for disposal or we would bequeath it to our readers. There is a limit, however, to the elasticity of our charitable dispositions, and we draw the line at this point. The price of the book is one dollar. Two books, two dollars. One dollar ante—*no limit*.



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*Instructor in Iron Work.*

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*Instructor in Wood Work.*

GEORGE A. MITCHELL,  
*Assistant Instructor in Iron Work.*

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## Obituary.

# Philip L. Moen

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**T**RUSTEE of the Polytechnic Institute from 1869 to 1891; died in Worcester, April 23, 1891.

In the death of Mr. Moen the city has lost one of her more illustrious and public-spirited citizens; the circles of business, a man of high character and unusual financial ability; society an ornament and an originator of power—for Mr. Moen was in himself a marvellous creative social force,—and the Institute a valuable counselor and a liberal and constant benefactor.

Mr. Moen was better and very widely known, formerly as one of the original partners of the firm of Washburn & Moen, and later, since 1869, as president of the Washburn & Moen Manufacturing Company, the largest wire making concern in the world. The permanent success of this business was ensured by the combination of the mechanical skill of Mr. Ichabod Washburn, founder of the Washburn shops, and the remarkable administrative and financial talent of Mr. Moen. Says the former in his diary, written in 1866: "In 1850 I took as my partner my son-in-law, Philip L. Moen. In him I have had most efficient aid in bringing up the business to its present mammoth size. While he makes no claim to being a practical mechanic, he has, by his exactness, promptitude and aptness for business generally, supplied a deficiency in myself indispensable to success. He has rare ability over finances."

From 1873 to 1883, Mr. Moen was treasurer of the Institute, and until his death a member of the most important committee of the corporation, that on grounds, buildings and current expenses. To the Institute he gave most cheerfully both time and money. In 1883, he subscribed \$25,000 for the increase of the endowment fund, and both earlier and later gave, as occasion made needful, smaller sums for special equipment, or apparatus or books. He had a warm interest in young men who were struggling to get an education, and responded most liberally to appeals for their assistance.

Mr. Moen had such rare grace and attractiveness of person and manner, that he was called the most courteous gentleman in Worcester. This greatly assisted him in his intercourse with men of business, and everywhere made him many friends. He had also, great quickness of perception, and a keen insight of character. Hence he transacted ordinary business with wonderful despatch. To these natural qualities he added unremitting industry and marvellous fidelity in attending to the details of every duty and trust which came to him. He was punctual, wasting no time, either for others or himself; he was sympathetic, making others feel, even in a few words, that he had a warm personal interest in them; he was generous, contributing to a large number of worthy objects; he was steadfast in adhering to a high standing of integrity; he was a man of unblemished personal habits, and of positive and yet charitable religious convictions. He blessed and brightened the world while he lived, and his memory will ennoble and enrich all who knew him.







# Apprentice Class.

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## OFFICERS.

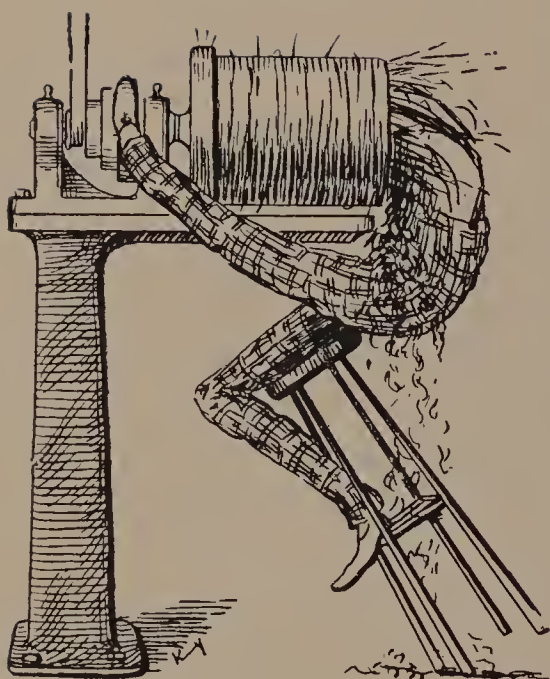
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# Ninety-Four.

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RECENTLY I heard a Senior remark that he thought we Preps were the freshest Preps that he had ever seen. To be sure we have some men who are very babyish and don't seem to know that they are in their freshman year at college. They act like a set of kids on the campus and make themselves a general nuisance. There are always some black sheep in every flock, but our class as a whole, is composed of pretty good fellows filled with enthusiasm. To tell what we have done since we have been

here will take but a short time. We of course played the usual jokes on each other in the wood-room. All Preps do that, and our class was no exception. Our first big lark was at the Musee, where about thirty of us had the front row at a very naughty performance. We felt pretty tough and used our spy glasses just like men. The fellows tied a bouquet on a string, and one of the girls picked it up after the string broke. Since then he has been boasting that he had one of the Musee girls on the string. We had a good time that night. After that, we all went into training for the ball nine. A few of us found positions on the nine, and we can play a pretty good game. Our nine beat the Senior's and we began to think we were hot lemons. Preps seldom win a victory over the upper classmen, and as that put us in the lead for the

class championship we could afford to celebrate. We held the lead until the next game. During the spring we had prize fights, under the auspices of the class. We had one dandy which ended in a foul. Lots of the Preps attended and some invitations were extended to upper classmen. We are looking to the future with a great deal of pleasure, and while we know that we must do a lot of hard work, and that not more than ten of us will graduate, we do not falter. We have thrown blocks in the drawing room several times. This is great fun but we find the most amusement in yelling "cuckoo" in chapel and watching the doctor detain the other classes. We are going to keep this up right through the course, unless our ventriloquists are expelled. We expect to have a grand class in the fall, and also expect to excel in athletics, but of course we shall not let any such thing interfere with our studies. We have planned for next year a series of monthly bon-fires. We think that they encourage sociability and we intend to make this a feature of our work. The Tech needs something of this kind to change the monotony of things. We have a good start now on the scheme, and think that things will go along very smoothly. If they don't it will be because the Faculty interfere with us too much. Of course we don't want any such clash to come, but we know that there is a liability of it. Well, I think I have said all that is necessary to show that there is a class of '94, and for the rest I will let the class speak for itself in the future.







# Junior \* Class.

---

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# Ninety-Three.



I-ROO-PEE!" This, kind reader, is not the pass-word to a Faculty meeting; it is not a swear-word in Zulu—though it came very near being one—nyther, most strange to relate, can it be found in the school records as an excuse for absence. It is nothing, more or less, than the war-cry of that concentrated solution of brains, brawn and brass, commonly called the class of Ninety-three.

Seventeen moons ago, this remarkable conglomeration for the first time wound up the corkscrew which leads to the domain of the "Palace Organ," and there butted itself upon convenient chairs. Well we remember the two days of wild scribbling that then began. Then came the welcome news of "admitted without condition," followed immediately by a dutiful and industrious search after "two pairs blue drilling overalls," one to keep until Fall, the other for use.

Three days after we first met a tooth-pick, painfully dragging "Staples" (pulling staples, as it were), behind it, and watched "O. M." get ready for work.

The show had commenced. There were solos by Marshall and Lar-

kin respectively on the xylophone and pipe-organ, and plaintive renderings of "Wimpleton to Wobbleton" by the "Raggle St. Quartet." Kelley, the \$10,000 beauty, gyrated the Crow-war-dance, mallet in hand, and Messrs. Derby and Newton gave fine exhibitions of skilful sparring.

The principal amusements were helping Newton, watching Bullard work, and giving Tatman advice on his famous sanitary patent. Sir Isaac's marriage, and his subsequent manufacture of a "baby spanker," lead us along until the religious fever struck. Then for a day or two, more heresy and theology were retailed to excited groups in five minutes, than St. Paul and the Devil could pass a quiz on in a year.

Meanwhile, over in Boynton Hall, we had been successfully giving Otis A. Freeman, A. B., lessons in French, when suddenly, for some unaccountable reason, the tables were turned, and the genial Dr. Smith unfolded to us the mysteries of the future tense, and the use of the pronoun *on*. Some considered this abrupt change in the order of things as going from the sublime to the ridiculous, others as from the frying-pan into the fire. We understand that Rogers belonged to the first class. Then came the sad tale of the Infanta and the garden-wall escapade of Charles, and finally Summer.

September brought Farwell's hat, and under it twenty more would be Juniors. Since that time, nothing very terribly exciting has happened. Dodge and Osterman each once failed to be late; Coghlin twice answered to his name without the formality of previously going to sleep, and Clapp has attended one or two recitations this half. Division A on several occasions has known what the lesson was, and five men have written up chemistry experiments *after* they (the experiments) were completed.

In January, '92 and '93 presented a play for the benefit of the Institute. It was entitled "The Bull and the Bunting, or where did you get that Rag?" Messrs. Howe and Mundin took the leading parts in the cast, the latter playing the Bull. They also took parts of neck-ties, shirts, etc. Both players were ably supported by their respective classes. One professor in the audience was completely carried away by the force with which it was enacted.

Then we juggled Trig, 23 to 0, escorted Marshall to the funeral of Pol Econ, chose a mascot, and at last *ici nous sommes comme* Middlers. And now, what are we?



The largest class in the Institute. The only one—omen of fortune—without a Smith. The class that has Newton, a gentleman with abnormally developed ambition and feet. We have the only living student that can tell Zulu from Dutch, and, exclusive of Goodrich and Pixley, we number five times as many foreigners as the rest of the Institute put together.

We all of us study two hours on mathematics, are certain that there is but one way of forming salts from acids, and hope to graduate in time for the World's Fair at Chicago, which is to be held in our honor.

But the Boynton Hall dish-pan warns us that it is "time to close the exercise," or rather "so much for that."



1st '92.—“Heavens! what was that? I swear I heard those sneakers!  
2d ditto.—“Perhaps it's the pair we put on the Christmas-tree.

# Middle \* Class.

---

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ERWIN W. HOWARD,	CURTIS A. TUCKER,
GEORGE H. MILLER,	HARRY D. YATES.



# Ninety-Two.

Ki! Yi! Yu!  
Zip! Rah! Zu!  
P. I., P. I.  
Ninety-Two.

---



O attempt a description of the many freaks, oddities, and “grinds” of which the class of Ninety-two is composed, would be to gainsay our traditional superstition. This we are loath to do, since effervescing fortune has covered the class with the froth of prosperity (which will be recognized as a felicitous simile when the character of our Mascot is known).

In the light of later history, we were an inconsiderable quantity during the Prep year, hence we will float over

those days and drift into the current of the real history of the class. The entrance of the remainder of the men in the following September opened up new fields, and filled the holes in the ball team. Speaking of ball teams, reminds us that '92, unlike the oyster in the characteristic church stew, is “in it.” The most surprising event of our Junior days was the defeat of '90's “semi-professionals” by our boys. '91 was the next victim, but certain considerations for this class prevent us from enlarging upon its sad defeat, and the series was brought to an end by a hard-fought victory over '93. '92's stock went up, and six of her men held positions upon the Institute nine.

Greedy for more fame, we aspired to the Tennis Championship, and '91's Invincible must succumb to the Middler. This, however, is not so very astonishing, when we learn that our champion racquet wielder had taken the precaution to train under the influence of the "bottle." '92 failed to win the football championship, since it was beyond her power to tackle invisible teams.

Yet another championship honor decked her brow, when she achieved the unsurpassed record of six straight suspensions in one short week. It was feared that '92 would not have the required five men to graduate, but happily the absconding settee was returned and riveted to its original place. Upon the reinstatement of the absent ones, we were ready for our "half-way thro'."

Original to the end, '92 proclaimed herself a prohibitionist, although the Mascot was constrained to "smile" at the appearance of Roman Punch and cider. The evening was whiled away by admiring our "razzle-dazzle skirt dancers," cajoling cops, building bon-fires and floating flags.

The curtain now rises upon a different scene, a scene of carnage. The flag is insulted; we rise to arms, and the first class rush in the history of the school, ensues. This newspaper massacre was ended by a treaty of peace in which full reparation was rendered for all suffered injuries. Our pen has accomplished its work; we might continue to enumerate future probabilities; we might, in a confidential manner, announce our Theses; we might—but the editor of *Aftermath* says we won't, and we desist.

## A Resolute Middleer.

---

I don't like Trig, it stirs my ire ;  
Grim Calc there's no abiding—  
Straight down the path that leads to " fire "  
On " cuts " I'm sliding, sliding.  
I don't like " Dutch," it clogs my throat ;  
And while I am confiding,  
Would'st know the way I kept afloat ?  
A *horse* I'm riding, riding.

I don't know what I'm going to do,  
I get so weary thinking.  
The Doc tries hard to pull me through,  
And still I'm sinking, sinking.  
By George, I have it—just the thing—  
Could any one be sharper ?  
Wait 'till you hear my baby sing,  
Catch on ? *I'll be a papa !*







*Frederick L. Brown*



*Alex. S. Lewis*



*George E. Barton*



*Harrison P. Eddy*



*J. P. Taylor*



*J. F. Rogers*



*F. C. Hodgman*



*Arthur L. Rice*



*Chas. H. Lambert*



*Edmund F. Power*



*Chas. A. Davis*



*Edwin A. Taylor*



*Francis C. Bradford*



*Herbert J. Somers*



*Sumner A. Kinley*



*Eury L. Galtman*



*Fred A. Bigelow*



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*Norman V. Wells*



*Geo. C. Perham*



*Ed. Homer*



*Albert H. Armstrong*



*Howard B. Foster*



*W. Henry Ramsdell*



*Geo. W. Booth*



*D. J. Allen*



*W. H. Baird*



*W. C. Kimball*



*John A. Whitaker*



*Gerald W. ...*

# Senior Class.

---

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HOMER H. TRACY,	. . . . .	<i>Treasurer.</i>

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FRED A. BIGELOW,	. . . . .	Worcester.
HARRISON P. EDDY,	. . . . .	Worcester.
DANIEL F. O'REGAN,	. . . . .	Worcester.
JOHN F. ROGERS,	. . . . .	Worcester.

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BRADFORD A. GIBSON,	. . . . .	Clinton.
EDWIN S. PHELPS,	. . . . .	Worcester.
EDMUND P. POWER,	. . . . .	Worcester.
EDWIN A. TAYLOR,	. . . . .	Worcester.
HERBERT A. WARREN,	. . . . .	Worcester.
JOHN A. WHITTAKER,	. . . . .	Southbridge.



## Mechanical Engineering.

GERALD ALLEY,	. . . . .	Clinton.
ALBERT H. ARMSTRONG,	. . . . .	Worcester.
DAVID F. ATKINS,	. . . . .	Westfield.
FRANCIS E. BRADFORD,	. . . . .	Worcester.
HARRY L. DADMUN,	. . . . .	Worcester.
CHARLES A. DAVIS,	. . . . .	Worcester.
CHARLES H. DUNBAR,	. . . . .	Pittsfield.
NORMAN V. FITTS,	. . . . .	Worcester.
HOWARD B. FOSTER,	. . . . .	Worcester.
FRED C. HODGMAN,	. . . . .	Worcester.
HENRY E. KIMBALL,	. . . . .	Littleton.
SUMNER A. KINSLEY,	. . . . .	Worcester.
ALEXANDER D. LUNT,	. . . . .	Portland, Me.
JAMES C. PERHAM,	. . . . .	Chelmsford.
WILLIAM H. RAMSDELL,	. . . . .	Worcester.
ARTHUR L. RICE,	. . . . .	Barre.
HERBERT J. SOMERSET,	. . . . .	Winnepeg, Manitoba.
CHARLES H. STEARNS,	. . . . .	Barre.
JOSEPH P. TAYLOR,	. . . . .	Washington, D. C.
HOMER H. TRACY,	. . . . .	San Francisco, Cal.

# As Others See Us.

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Clarence E. Alderman,

Mechanical Engineering.

A "boodler" by birth and one of our foot ball cranks, and quite a rusher in his line. He has thrown the hammer, and tampered with the tug-of-war rope, and has gained at least—experience. As a Prep, he became intimately acquainted with buzz saws and chisels, and learned to respect them. At the beginning of his Junior year, he was introduced to Dutch, and by reason of the unremitting attentions of this individual was induced to continue his course with '92, of which he is now a member.

Gerald Alley,

Mechanical Engineering.

Alley is one of the few men of our class who can raise whiskers, although with a two weeks handicap he is not in it with Teddy.

One curious thing about Alley is the fact that while the print in the text books seems to hurt his eyes, that in novels has no effect on them. This curious thing may account in part for all those "cuts" during the last year.

Gerry is a great lover of the "weed," as any one can tell who meets him when he first comes up in the morning.

Albert H. Armstrong,

Mechanical Engineering.

There is hardly a man better known in the school than Armstrong, for it is he who presides at the organ and can favor the boys with anything from Annie Rooney to hymn 44.

Dutchie is a great crank on electricity and his head is filled with ideas for its application.

His weak voice has been his chief source of embarrassment during his intermittent course, and if he goes to Lynn, Worcester girls will miss him.

David F. Atkins,

Mechanical Engineering.

Dave is the only genuine, old style orator in the class. He was found in '90's garret with other cast off shoes, but after considerable burnishing and remodelling he made a first class '91 man. Davy is a hard (we don't mean tough) student and will some day reap a rich reward for his labors. He is a good electrician and a man of original thought. He comes from "Whipville" and is a good snapper. He was a good boy until early in the middle year, when he frequented the antiquarian corner, but soon repented, and were it not for his encounter with one of the Faculty at our cremation exercises, would be classed as one of our "goody-goody" men.

William A. Bacon,

Mechanical Engineering.

Ham was one of the hard workers but always seemed to have luck against him, especially when he met our worthy friend, Mr. Haynes; so it is not surprising that he left us at the end of the Junior year to try fortune in another line.

At the present time Billy is working for a firm in the city and doing well.

## William H. Baird,

Chemistry.

Billy is the representative of the wild and woolly West—our hoosier class *ode r*. His mass of tow colored hair is a sight to behold. During the past year he has assiduously aided and abetted Eppie in conducting the exercises in Pol. Econ. Whenever Billy was not quite certain about any point, his assistant, Eppie, would look it up before the next recitation and report to the class. The “natural gas fiend” is never lacking a scheme, but all the inventions which he and Harrison P. brought forward appear to have been patented years before. Now Baird is known among chemists as the “worker of zinc” and the “talker of sugar;” and his compound of “sodium zincate” has made him famous.

## George E. Barton,

Chemistry.

“George Ester, by gosh.” Proprietor and assistant manager of a den on Belmont Street. He was formerly located at Lincoln Square but the police raided the place and he was forced to fly to more secluded quarters. He belonged to a select Whist Club and was the only man who never got rattled. Sylvia Gerrish was his favorite actress, photos of this young lady being very conspicuous in the den. Since Sylvia went to Europe Georgie has been very sad.

## Fred A. Bigelow,

Chemistry.

“Biggie” alias “Parson Bigelow.” He is one of the most popular fellows in the class, and is serving his second term as president. “Swore off smoking yesterday,—well. I will try one of those cigarettes if you have an extra one handy.” His name has appeared simultaneously in the morning paper as leading the german, and in the general excuse book with “severe illness” attached. But when the papers speak of him in connection with Masonic banquets they attach 32° to his name. (We do not know whether their heat is Centigrade or Fahrenheit). You can’t scare Fred. “I wish he had said that to me, I’d tell him to . . .” (the English stops here). He is a great lover of the tincture of sugar; low per cent sugar does not trouble him, but his breath makes us all dizzy.

## George W. Booth,

Chemistry.

G. Washington is one of the first six and also valedictorian of the class. Has a great faculty for “getting there.” An all round athlete, base ball and football player, he is also a general good fellow and one who enjoys sport. Has lately kept well posted on theatre companies. Keeps a den up on Lancaster Street where kindred spirits congregate sometimes at night to do “Thermo” and otherwise amuse themselves. He early made his strike with King White and we understand he will remain at school another year as assistant in civil engineering, taking advanced mineralogy with the Doc.

## Henry W. Bowen,

Mechanical Engineering.

Bones or Frisky warms up the same seat in chapel now that he warmed up three years ago. He flopped out on general principles at the middle of the Junior year and journeyed mournfully back to Adams. Frisky, however, is a man of good moral character and a hard and faithful student. Many interesting stories are told about this quiet constituent, though nothing to his discredit. Dr. Kinnicutt’s personal inquiry of Bowen on the H<sub>2</sub>O question will never be forgotten.

## Frank E. Bradford,

Mechanical Engineering.

Bradford is the man of many names. He grew up under the invigorating title of “Sow,” probably to distinguish him from his brother “Piggie.” This name has been corrupted into “Zow” and he now oscillates between that euphonic title and such symphonies as “Doggie” and Königin. Zow bought the mile-walk when he entered the Prep class, and has never relinquished his mortgage on that event. Aside from this, Doggie says he could be at the head of his class, if he wanted to, has the best thesis drawing that was ever built, and can take as good a photograph as any man in the country, amateur or professional. He wears the most screeching trousers in the class and can smoke a whole cigarette without getting intoxicated. Königin is an all round genial fellow, and under the patronage of a rich uncle, expects to captain an ocean steamer this summer.

George C. Burrage, }  
Herbert F. Burrage, }

Chemistry.

We do not know them apart, and the catalogue has only deepened our perplexity, for, though one made up his mind to be a civil, they both bobbed up serenely among the chemists. SH<sub>2</sub> was the abomination of both brothers, and greatly served to hasten their departure. The last we heard of them they were dozing quietly at Cornell. We were too wicked for them up here on the hill, so they took their flight to a place where the prayer meetings stand supreme.



Granville W. Carleton.

Mechanical Engineering.

Carleton was rare and original. One of that species which do not thrive well in the severe atmosphere of the Tech. As a Prep he was quiet and industrious, and never matched pennies, jumped hurdles, or engaged in any other violent exercise. Most of his time was divided between the sale of lime and cement, and the building of a quartered oak roll-top desk, while his books roosted away in a secluded corner of the coat-room. One thing we will never forget about Carleton is his original and labor-saving method of proving geometry propositions. "It's plain to you, and I see it. I don't see that it needs any more demonstration." But "Jinny" didn't seem to "see it." So Carleton, since his Junior year, has devoted himself wholly to the lime and cement business.

Elbert H. Carroll.

Mechanical Engineering.

"Carrots" was a quiet, unassuming fellow. He was with us only a short time and was not very well known by the members of the class. Since leaving us, however, he has been seen frequently in the shop draughting room and is always sent for when any respectable draughting is required. Carroll is at present draughting for the Holyoke Machine Co. and is considered a very valuable man.

Jesse W. Churchill.

Mechanical Engineering.

"Chuck" was from the land of the Golden Gate. He was a tower of strength on the Institute football team, but was not noted for his quick temper. He came to college for knowledge. As they did not impart it fast enough at Worcester he went to Cornell, where much study is required. We have heard little of him since he left us, but have no doubt he is progressing to his own satisfaction, if not in the humdrum style in vogue at the Tech.

John P. Coghlin,

Chemistry.

Our clearest recollections of "Coffy" are when in mathematics he would sit with graceful pose, with his feet in the middle of the floor and his hands clasped behind his head, and let his mighty brain throb peacefully while taking in the wonders of science as expounded by "Jinny" Haynes. Then when lessons were over, he would go forth to the football field and "ketch it on the bounce" with the best of them. As a member of the class of '93 he will doubtless make himself famous.

Edgar W. Crane,

Mechanical Engineering.

Crane was one of those birds who believe in flying high. He had every requisite for a full-fledged Tech—could play the best first base in the Institute, fill any position on the football eleven, and could make a better mortice joint than Mr. Badger himself. He came from balmy California, however, and the blizzards of Boynton Hall soon blasted his stalwart frame. He boarded at New Worcester, three miles from the Institute, which was good judgment and ought to have counteracted the withering blasts of the Chapel organ. Not even the cheering company of his mother could revive his drooping spirits, however, and he soon sank into the oblivion of his native state.

Allan C. Crocker,

Civil Engineering.

Crockery was a diligent student, seldom seen on the campus, yet known to all because of his nervous temperament and peculiar speech. Each of his fine assortment of pencils was always ready for use with a half inch of lead exposed. In German, "das Kind" was always ready to "auntywortaytay" questions. It was after a visit to the Boulevard cider mill that he became confidential, and related the charms of the Leominster straw factory girls, and invited the crowd out to visit him the summer following. We regret his non-return to school after the first semi-annuals.

Harry L. Dadmun,

Mechanical Engineering.

This fleet gentleman, known as "Spikesie," "Squid" and "Daddy," is one of the most popular men in the class. He holds all the Tech records in track events worth holding, and modestly carries the weight of a United States championship—in the half mile run. With the exception of Foster, he makes less impression on a weighing machine than any other man in the class. Dad knows more girls than any other man at the Institute, and less mechanics than any chemist in the class. At this writing, he is in Europe with the Manhattan Athletic team. His first event will be a three-legged race with Queen "Vic."

## Charles A. Davis,

Mechanical Engineering.

Herr, so called from his proficiency (?) in Dutch, is one of the small sized stars in the field of athletics. He thinks he was a winner in a certain bicycle race, but for some reason opinions seem to differ. In his last attempt to hump his side of the case, he disfigured the comely face that gave him so much trouble when he got mixed up with the envelope shop girls. Davis is an authority on chewing gum, and is the noted discoverer of a calcite gum which he intends soon to put on the market, where it will doubtless meet with a large sale. After leaving the Tech, he will probably reside in Vermont near his gum quarries, and we can do nothing less than wish him great success in his chosen business.

## Fred R. Dawson,

Mechanical Engineering.

Sadie was a sport and a typical blood, whose **modesty** was not his greatest virtue. He came to us from Ninety by the natural law of descent at the Tech. Though a fine looking man, with a grand physique, he was not built for a bicycle. In the rush line, however, he was most effective. He came to Worcester for knowledge, but not the sort that was dispensed at the Tech. He left us in the Middle year for a well earned rest, and more congenial quarters.

## C. S. Dumphe.

Mechanical Engineering.

Here we have a salt and chubby example of a jolly tar. A crank on all subjects nautical, he is an able and competent skipper, and in the yacht races at the lake he always came out victorious. But there came a time when his yearning for salt water, coupled with certain inducements of various kinds, caused him to brush the dust of Worcester from his boots and to depart for home. After that we heard of him in Europe travelling around and astonishing the natives, though he got astonished once himself when the Antwerp cop, who could not understand Duff's "Tech Dutch," pulled him for donkey riding on the beach.

## Charles H. Dunbar,

Mechanical Engineering.

"Dunny" among the boys, "Shorty" among the police, this victim of the money-borrowers has been manager of every enterprise at the Institute calling for sordid cash. Dunny is a peculiar bird in many respects. He left a good position to come to the Institute, which proves that there is no accounting for tastes. As business-manager of the "W P I" for '91, he called in more money for the editor's "divvy" than was ever before the case in the history of that paper. He has appeared several times at recitations the past year and if not at the Institute was invariably in his room, "sick." Like the owl, he does his best work by the light of the moon. There is something mysterious about this man, as is witnessed by his regular disappearance on Saturdays. It is rumored that he has *relatives* in Boston, but as to the truth of this assertion we are unable to state. Watch for his name in the electrical papers a few years hence.

## Harrison P. Eddy,

Chemistry.

H. P. is quite a boy and a first class sludge worker, and is always prepared with a surprise for your olfactory nerves.

He is a ravenous reader of advertising literature, and he can be seen any afternoon floating down the Blackstone toward the sewer tanks, looking for advertisements.

His most humiliating encounter was when he was ousted out of a field by a grizzly farmer while sketching with a fair friend.

He holds the undisputed title of champion "pie-eater," the only other athletic event he ever entered being "kicking."

He is an active member of the "bald-headed club."

## Ira H. Fay,

Chemistry.

Fay was one of our large and elegant men. He was one of the few who could support a moustache at the beginning of the Junior year. He was a quiet student but a hard worker. He succumbed to Dutch and Algebra before the first semi-annual exams. He is now in business at Boston and is making a grand success, without his W P I education.

## Frederick W. Fiske,

Mechanical Engineering.

Died April 6, 1889.

## Walter N. Fish,

Mechanical Engineering.

Very strong, but he hated to use his strength. Commonly called "Fish-balls." Had a great affinity for billiards, and was probably the best player in school. Liked the game so well, that when his presence would have won the championship at football from the class of '90, he was where?—playing billiards. A great football player; also base ball and tennis expert. Left the Institute at middle of Junior year, because he did not want to stay any longer. Now holds the keys to the wine cellar in one of New York's largest Fifth Avenue hotels.



## Norman V. Fitts,

Mechanical Engineering.

Fitzzy is a man who knows a good thing when he sees it, as is attested by the fact that he left the class of '90 last year and will be with us at the finish. Fitts is always ahead at the camera exhibits and always behind when he attempts to match pennies with such sharpers as Dunny, Dad, and Teddy. Fitts' only other interesting characteristic is described in the prophecy read at the class supper of the class of '90, State Normal School, from which we quote:

"Quite early in life Miss Murray became interested in wheels. She had some sort of theory about three wheels being a plenty for a Main Street drive. But as she found this arrangement produced Fitts—even distributed him right and left—so that indeed the populace was in danger, she gave up the plan, and if I am not misinformed has since kept to four wheels. Finding, too, she could not have Fitts and be Murray as ever, she also gave that up, the last memento of the three wheeled scheme."

## Herbert Y. Follet,

Chemistry.

One of the "Babes in the Wood" who had the good taste to elevate himself from '90 to '91. His firm conviction that when zinc and sulphuric acid are put together, nothing but "smoke" is given off, led the Faculty to believe that he had delved too deep in science to waste his time in elementary work. Baby was at home in the rush line and while he remained with us he was the pet of the team, and he vied with Mr. Haynes as the Tech representative at the Musical Festival.

## Howard B. Foster,

Mechanical Engineering.

Although a dandy pattern maker in his Prep year, sawdust and glue were badly mixed with his work. Naturally quiet and unassuming, his strength and character languished until the middle year, when Eppie and Dutch brought him into prominence as one of our star men. He always takes part in discussions on mechanical problems, and is often sat upon by "Geo. I.," who now thinks Brownie will be a "cheap man to run the belt machine next year." For the information of the Faculty, we will state that Brownie was not present at our recent cremation exercises.

## Bradford A. Gibson,

Civil Engineering.

He has occasional lucid intervals, and it was during one of these that the "King" paid him a rare compliment by saying that he "had an idea," and he was so broken up that he hasn't repeated the offence. Although quite small, he admits that he has clasped his arms about "one hundred and — pounds," and carried it across one of the widest streets in the city on a sloppy night. Whenever the state of his finances will allow, he is accustomed to admire beauty, wit and art from the "Institute Box."

## Walter Hastings,

Mechanical Engineering.

Sliver was one of the boys from the word "go," and was always on hand to kick a football, even though he tore a new shoe in halves the first time he tried it. He was a great man on all points in chemistry, and it used to be a great pleasure to our worthy "Prof." to ball him all up in the quiz and thus save the necks of the men not called on. As an ex-president, Sliver accepted an invitation to our Half Way supper and enjoyed it with the rest of us.

## Fred C. Hodgman,

Mechanical Engineering.

Blackie is a Worcester man while the tuition question is under discussion; at other times he comes from New Hampshire.

Fred takes the lead in chess, and what Geo. I. and he don't know in mechanics, he knows alone. He is the man that went off on a tangent with Doc. in room 26. He is the class blonde, wears his hair a la pompadour, and shakes his head at the Professors enough for the whole class. He pulled a mesmerist's leg for a free ticket by claiming to be a subject, but the hypnotist's power failed to act, and he was allowed to take a short walk out.

## Alfred W. Holley,

Mechanical Engineering.

Hollyhock was a plugger. Holly was a slugger. He was a member of the Q. T. V., and always went around with a giddy polish on his boots, and a moustache a la archimedian spiral. He was a tough student, and one of the finest in the shop. Fweddie's father is a minister, and he is a son of his father. Holly roomed with "Purrun," but could not stand the strain, and so he left at the beginning of his Junior year.



Frederick B. Howell,

Mechanical Engineering.

Howell was by all odds the longest constituent of Ninety-one. His downfall was due to discrepancies with Slobsy, and his case was settled by a short session of the Faculty during the early part of his Junior year. His short stay was not so much due to incapacity as to a general disagreement with Slobsy's methods of instruction. He was more of a sport than a clergyman, and if all of us were not more thoroughly impressed with this fact, it was due to his short sojourn in our Technical circles. He now pilots the steamer Apollo on Lake Quinsigamond for the benefit of his old and new friends.

Frederick D. Hyde,

Civil Engineering.

Escaped to the Tech from the Highland Military guard house. School work did not bother him at all, and he was never at a loss to drive dull care away. He was discharged for the good of the service at the middle of the Junior year. Last heard of, he was a jewelry salesman with a regular beat on Mechanic Street. The way of the transgressor is hard.

Benjamin F. Jennison,

Mechanical Engineering.

Jinnie, Jr., was one of the good little boys of the class. He never entertained the fellows with stories. Oh, no! Baldy's pet, Jinnie's lulu, Badger's hoodoo, Kinnicutt's lala, Doc's everything and everybody's tutti frutti. He was withal a real hot lemon, and was squeezed at the first Junior exams. He has been seen around town since leaving the Institute, driving a fish team, with his own name on it.

Henry E. Kimball,

Mechanical Engineering.

Kimmie tried to be a wood butcher and a ball player at the same time. He sawed his hand when he ought to have been playing ball, and lost two weeks from the game. He can play on any corner of the diamond, but has done the best at second base and at home plate. As he took things cheerfully, and Dutch could not last forever, he remained to graduate. He is said to have become inventive during his last winter as a student, and to have produced a cross between a bicycle and an ice boat, which would not work, so the corporation has not yet been formed.

Sumner A. Kinsley,

Mechanical Engineering.

Known as "Sliver," "Sum" or "Sulla," probably holds the lead for all round popularity, which extends even to the Faculty. His course, therefore, has been serene, and his lot an easy one. As an artist, an orator, and a literary man, he has established a reputation. The W P I under his administration, was most creditably edited, and its editorial columns kept at the proper temperature. With a length of over six feet, and with a girth of something less, Sulla's appearance is somewhat striking. He is the recognized official leader of prayer meetings and general insurrections. As a missionary, he is a conscientious worker; as a poker player, he is an expert. With a guaranteed prospective salary expressed in four figures, his future is assured.

Alexander D. Lunt,

Mechanical Engineering.

Mr. Lunt, alias Sunt, alias Lines, has the good will of every man in the class, and most of the Faculty. He comes from Maine, and entered the Prep class a mere youth of tender years, but now he can occasionally be seen contemplating the length and stiffness of a week's growth on his chin. Alex is a man of few words, so says Eppie. He seldom calls a day's work done till he has visited A. R. Jones' baked beans and frankforts. He is one of the Camera fiends, having done some prize work, and made an instrument of merit. When wanted at the mechanical laboratory, you will find him down at Coburn's looking at the old "Sharpie."

Fred W. McFadden,

Mechanical Engineering.

McFadden is a brother of the '88 Fad, leader of the choir. If Fred had been more musical, he might have been with us still, but owing to radical differences between him and his brother "Parm," he failed to meet the approval of the Faculty. At the Junior semi-annual drawings, he failed to get a place, and drew so many blanks that he bade us farewell. He is at present connected with the Morgan Construction Co.

Andrew B. McGown,

Civil Engineering.

Gowny was one of the class ball tossers in the Junior year. He enjoyed life in Worcester, and was very independent and self-reliant, treating Faculty children like ordinary children, as one incident especially testifies. He left the Institute at the end of the Junior year, much to the regret of the class. Since that time he has assumed the appellation "Roanoke Andy," and is now doing well.

James J. McLane,

Civil Engineering.

Untiring and ceaseless as were his endeavors, he was not appreciated by the Tech Faculty. While a member of Ninety he was convinced by Prof. Higgins that shop work was too confining for his health, so Jimmy joined the Civils of Ninety-one and for two years fought hard with the King for a place in this branch of study, only to again be defeated. A member of the ball nine and athletic team, he was known as a standby; and in recitations because of the adaptability of his voice to his different moods and familiarity with German verbs. His worst break while with '91 was in using a dead dog for a bench mark when running the railroad. At latest accounts he was working for Woods & Rugg, civil engineers (city), and had passed with honors a civil service examination for clerkship in the Worcester post-office.

Frank H. Metcalf,

Mechanical Engineering.

Monsieur was no tender youth, but he had not the constitution to stand the atmosphere on Boynton Hill. Mettie's private life was most remarkable and his originality and wit were more than amusing. A scientist, a naturalist, a camera fiend, a sport, in fact this phenomenon was anything and everything in one. Mettie might have been with us still but he had too much pride and good sense to tolerate the abuses and threats of the Faculty and their whims. His girl at home was more to him than all Worcester, and it was with her alone that he found comfort and rest.

Daniel F. O'Regan,

Chemistry.

The Dan of the "gang." He is quite a sport and the best bluffer in the class. He is the hardest worker among the chemists, always telling stories or clearing up to go home. His working hours are from 11.30 to 11.45 A. M. From 5.15 to 5.30 P. M., unless otherwise engaged. As editor-in-chief of the W P I for six numbers, and as reporter on the *Daily Times* and *Gazette*, Dan has won considerable literary fame. He knows everyone from the clergy to the tramps and is a friend of the Mayor and workingman alike. Many stories are told about his private life, but his character is nevertheless spotless. The ladies say "Dan is simply immense."

James C. Perham,

Mechanical Engineering.

James Christopher, a descendant of '90, is said by some to be a man of profound thought. In consideration of the fact that his philosophy is generally based upon mythical principles and bottomless theories, there is some question as to his real genius as a scientist. His forte however is that of a lady-charmer (?) for Perham has had more girls to the square inch than any Tech on record. His capacity however is undisputed. At a winter whist party he easily won a five cent wager by swallowing a five pound pill of maple candy with apparent ease and thereby established his remarkable reputation.

Russell S. Paine,

Mechanical Engineering.

Otherwise known as Misery and Agony, died a slow and lingering death at the hands of Dutch, but while he was with us he was one of the few men that knew anything about physics, and what is still better he was always ready to help us out on it. He was a man who always had a lot of new ideas about dynamos and often expressed a wish to eradicate everything from the Tech course which did not directly pertain to them. In Rockology, Paine was an authority, provided the men next him knew anything about his samples.

Edwin S. Phelps,

Civil Engineering.

Better known as Teddy, or E. Spud Phelps. Captain and pitcher of our base ball team, he was in great measure responsible for its success (?). He has probably captured more fish and game than all the rest of the class together. It was while on one of his fishing trips that his "mother was at home *alone* sick," and on another that "those three d—d little fish rolled right out on the road before those girls, and I never felt more ashamed in my life." He is no lover of "tufas," for the noxious weed has a tendency to make "it come all in a bunch."

Edmund P. Power,

Civil Engineering.

Edmund is a faithful friend and follower of those he loves. Although told that he didn't have a show, he stuck it out to the end. Noted for striking attitudes. A good natured fellow who crawled out of the soup and raised the first moustache in the gang. He especially distinguished himself in Descript & Analyt where he wore out several pairs of No. 11 shoes in the vain endeavor to keep Johnny's "red rag" flying.



### William H. Ramsdell, Jr.,

Mechanical Engineering.

Swiftly is like no one but himself, and we take pleasure in presenting a novelty. Although innocent looking he can be dangerous if he tries, and should be approached with caution. Rammy is an electrical fiend and served once as secretary of the Tech elect. He and "my brother" can give Kimmie points on making storage batteries or other apparatus. William has fitted an electric motor to a canoe at the Lake, but his modesty prevents his boasting of this accomplishment. Swiftly is quite a scholar, yet it often happens that the Professor says "next" before he gets ready to answer. The class part with him with sorrow but expect to hear of him hereafter as a political speaker or a revivalist.

### Arthur L. Rice,

Mechanical Engineering.

Art is one of those mysterious fellows who can always ante up some sort of a recitation. He prefers Northampton to Wellesley, it being rumored that he has been on his knees before a student at the former place. 'Tis said, that the barbers blow out the electric lights and bolt the doors when A. L. strikes the town; they are not fond of bewhiskered subjects. That mysterious lock of golden (?) hair makes his pocketbook far more valuable than its legitimate contents—for *geld* is a rare bird among Techs.

### John F. Rogers,

Chemistry.

Rogers is known by several pet names, among which are Booky, Jiggy or Jig, and occasionally John. He is the only seaman we possess, and his skill in "skinning" through English, his greatest dread, is surely remarkable. Booky took the position of "Swab" a few months ago, and the chemists rather enjoy his supervision of the stock-room, as he is a little near-sighted. Jig is an unpretentious fellow, and his only rightful rival for first place in the class is G. Washington Booth. Book is also an actor of no small pretensions, and is especially brilliant as a "gentleman from the ould sod."

### Herbert J. Somerset,

Mechanical Engineering.

"Well er" "Summy" has found out that Joe keeps a small boy in his closet. In his Junior year, he was joint proprietor of the Lincoln Sq. resort, which was broken up by the police. He is a member of the All Night Whist Club. When there is a coon to be shadowed, send for Sunday and Joe. His last appearance on the stage was in the role of the executioner. He had the shortest Dutch "Aufgabe" in the class. He is a crank on the details of the People's Palace, and Eppie did could change his mind on bath tubs.

### Fred H. Sprague,

Civil Engineering.

One of the original Div. C men. Played centre on our first football team, and spoiled a new pair of pants in the game with Ninety. He was also a heavy man in his studies till he struck Trig. He severed his connection with the class rather suddenly, and in time to avoid the first January exams; but it is rumored that there was a fair maiden in Harvard.

### Charles H. Stearns,

Mechanical Engineering.

Steamzy Stearnzy is one of the longest winded men in Worcester or on Earth. He served six months in the Prep room, where he won distinction in relieving himself of anything like work. Since then he has devoted part of the time to science in its various phases, sometimes attending two recitations a week. He is one of the cranks on electricity, and claims he can stand a thousand volts if it comes from Kimmie's dynamo. He never asks questions in mechanics, and seldom answers any. When he first came to the Tech, it is said he was engaged, but since his middle year, we believe the charge to be untrue. As an athlete he made the two mile and cross country runs his forte, and later entered the lists as a *Zweicyclist*. We believe he begins on June 19 as agent for Alden's Rank(ines) Notes on Mechanics.

### Edwin A. Taylor,

Civil Engineering.

Known to everybody as Ned, but his initials well represent one of his main characteristics. Beloved by all the Faculty, especially by Eppie. Ned has always been a prominent athlete, and is at present captain of the Inter-collegiate team. His favorite studies are Mineralogy, Metallurgy and Geology, but his tendency runs to Metallurgy. He is also afflicted with a desire to know how a blind man would study Geology. Whatever may be said of Ned, he is certainly a hustler, and a man who knows his own business better than any professor in the squad, and is not likely to be convinced that he doesn't.

## Joseph P. Taylor,

Mechanical Engineering.

Jo came from Washington the "Tech" for to see. He started in with '90 but contracted a pain and ended up with '91. He is a genial fellow, a good student, blushes profusely on the Profs. and in Eppie's room delights to stand on the platform for its "English yer know." High kicking is a favorite amusement, but squinting at Eppie's topics over the transom is a part of his athletics. His landlady is obliged to keep tacks on the banisters to preserve the finish from Jo's Cordovans. Jo is, nevertheless, extremely popular with everyone and is as jolly and good natured a duffer as the class contains.

## H. Homer Tracy,

Mechanical Engineering.

He owes his pull with the "Doc," to the way he writes his name. Born in Vermont, he hails from California, yet gets a free tuition by reason of being monitor at Boynton Hall and selling books and stationery to the students. A jolly, good natured fellow, he is liked by all, and is always seeking a good time. His most distant trip after joy was to a Brookfield husking party at which the natives claimed Trace brought a supply of red ears from the city. As he always claimed forfeits from the same pretty girl he excited the jealousy of the less fortunate rustics. It is said that Homer makes good meat for a sandwich when pretty girls take the place of bread. He is a camera fiend and has a large collection of pictures of his own make. We believe he will continue his studies a short time longer before looking for a permanent position.

## Herbert A. Warren,

Civil Engineering.

We all know Bert as one of the leading "bloods" of the Sportman's Club, and in his pursuit of game he has been known to wait all day for a chance to blaze away at a couple of crows. He is also a great fisherman, especially in winter, and will do his share of the work provided no one offers to do it for him. For the last six months or so Bert claims that the trains up Princeton and Lancaster way have been running ahead of time, much to his annoyance, and he is thinking seriously of asking the road to furnish him with a list of general excuses to use in such cases.

## William H. Weston,

Mechanical Engineering.

A much travelled man and one of many experiences. He had a startling experience here. After making an acquaintance with Haynes, extensive enough, and another with Penniman, expensive enough, he became frugal and changed his room. On the first night he shared his couch with several hundred minute and entertaining occupants. He was no philosopher. One night was enough. He went to the other side of the city and studied at the Academy, played the organ, and traversed Main Street for recreation. He probably found the rooms at that end of the city even more populous than at the Tech end, for he returned to the Tech, argued with Tenny for a year and then gave up.

## John A. Whittaker,

Civil Engineering.

John is one of our six footers and can juggle a transit without being obliged to stand on a box. Whittie's principal achievement in the fistic line was his fracas with "M. P." This dispute, backed by a small sized barber's pole on the one side and an elevator plunger on the other, was finally decided by burying the remains of the elevator champion in his bank over the W. H. monument. John is a mighty good fellow and well liked by the boys; his only failing being that he is rather too much of a walking encyclopedia. Whit is a good walker, but shouldn't try to win a prize when he has more than one competitor. Then his shape takes the cake.

## Charles F. Whittemore,

Mechanical Engineering.

C. Froggy was one of our finest ladies' men, and as near as we can ascertain he has maintained that reputation. He is now at Cornell, where it is said that his principal study is the art of striking attitudes before his camera. It is said that these attitudes are not always with his lonesome, but that a young lady sometimes reclines gracefully in his arms. He spent more time while in Worcester in teaching the girls to dance than he did in study. He was a very popular man, kept an open door for the boys, and he is much missed by all.

## J. Albert Winslow,

Mechanical Engineering.

This gentleman, as we remember him, was very quiet, a hard worker, and always pleasant to meet. He, however, was rather nervous, and the grind going on in the class under Johnnie, worked upon his mind so that he became frightened, and left us during the middle year.



—  
IN MEMORIAM  
—

FREDERICK W. FISKE

DIED

APRIL 6, 1889.  
—

# CLASS HISTORY.

Charles H. Dunbar.

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NATURALLY but little can be expected from a historian who received his dignified title before any particular indication of ability in that direction was at all apparent, and no apology is therefore necessary for what I here present as the Class History.

The first and paramount essential for an acceptable history, whether of a race, a nation or even a college class, is that it shall be a complete, accurate and unbiased record of those events which have transpired during the time under consideration, and which have directly or indirectly concerned or influenced the people of whom it pertains. It is most fortunate for this historian that neither eloquence nor profound thought is particularly demanded at this time.

The first essential, permit me to say, is incorporated to the letter throughout this history, and it is here, my friends, that I trust you will look for the real merits of this article. Whatever else may be lacking, rest assured that I have told you neither lies nor fairy-tales.

The history of this somewhat remarkable class as a recognized body properly began at seventeen minutes past five on that glorious and memorable afternoon of January 27, 1888. This, according to the chronometer which still hangs upon the wall, was the instant when our President of the Faculty in the old chemical lecture room read the verdict. He had pronounced to a throng of anxious, careworn and half frightened candidates, the names of those fortunates, or at any rate the fifty-eight men whose names were to adorn the next issue of the catalogue, whose presence was to adorn the east side of Boynton Hall and whose young but well developed little voices were to proclaim the divine praises on those eventful days when Hymn 44 was to be run through the miniature organette that once graced the chapel floor.

Though I have spoken of the afternoon of our birth as a most glorious one, I believe the weather bureau reports and our own memories certify that fresh snow at the rate of about a foot per hour had been the order of the day, and that every man who reached the summit of Tech hill on that afternoon first transformed himself into a snow-plow of the most efficient type. In spite of this triviality the afternoon of January 27, 1888, was to us indeed glorious.

We will ever remember the anxiety we felt as we humbly and beseechingly gazed into the Doctor's face while the famous articles of confederation were being read. We will never forget the unbounded joy we experienced when informed that our names had been incorporated into that confederation. Policy and an assumed regard for authority had taught us to say until recent times, that John Fiskes' confederacy on page 205, was the only one in which we were or ever had been particularly interested. We are interested in that now as a relic of the past. The confederation of 1777 which bound the thirteen colonies into its perpetual union, was no doubt important, but to us our own confederation was far more so.

Having been thus recognized and incorporated as the Class of '91, of the Worcester Polytechnic Institute we lost no time in establishing our claims and in beginning the career of which this is but a retrospect. Of the fifty-eight members of our class admitted, twenty-eight of us evinced or thought we evinced a decided aptness for mechanics, thereby fulfilling the catalogue requirements and becoming eligible to the Prep domain under the jurisdiction of the gentleman known to us throughout that year as *Sir Roger de Badger* or more briefly *Sir Roger*. For this gentleman we have always entertained the greatest respect and well we may continue to do so, for has he not only taught us to distinguish the plane from the screw driver, the sandpaper from the saw, but he taught us how to live and be whole. The story of his own life tells us what we must do to be saved. *Sir Roger's* cane is not so much a matter of gentility as of personal necessity. Those of us who were there remember poor "Mettie" as he lay in his pool of crimson on the stretcher in the tool room, a warning example to his fellow students. No tears were shed, not a remark was made, but the service was impressive.

What ex-Prep will say that perhaps he does not owe his very life to *Sir Roger de Badger of Prepdom*. Verily, by his stump speeches, his



prompt and fatherly advice scores of lives and great scores of limbs, have undoubtedly been saved. Would that lives and limbs were souls, souls of Tech students ! But alas ! how little after all has been saved.

Without considering the numerous minor things for which we have been remarkable or eccentric, I will touch upon some of our more important virtues and victories. First of all was recognized our remarkable ability to get hold of things. We got hold of the sandpaper long before we were supposed to know its remarkable virtue ; we got hold of the sawdust and the shim theories with unprecedented enthusiasm. Our French was grasped with a concentration of thought that would have become a philosopher, and more interlinears were constructed to the page than could be printed in a lexicon. In free drawing, like those who had gone before us we apparently lacked our usual complement of brains and good sense, and got hold of everything in the shape of a model or a missile in most vicious fashion.

Our base ball record during the Prep year was fair, but fell somewhat shorts of the championship. Our track athletic record however was unprecedented. At the first field day in which Ninety-one was represented we won six first and five seconds, with a total of twenty-eight per cent. of all prizes and established one institute record. On May 24, 1888, we furnished a large per cent. of the material which at the Inter-collegiate sports tied Williams for third place.

On June 27, we bade a final farewell to the wood rooms, the French rooms and all the paraphernalia with which up to this time we had been so intimately associated. Our joyful Prep days were past and strange as it may seem, not a man had been stricken down by the wayside. We had gained the Faculty's approval and with unbroken ranks we modestly received the distinguished title of Juniors.

After the regular summer vacation of ten weeks we again assembled in Boynton Hall. We observed the empty chairs where we were wont to sit, but knew full well that those were not reserved for Juniors. As far as the east side of chapel is from the west side, so far did we separate ourselves from those empty chairs, whose very shape seemed to remind us of a typical Prep.

Until this time, the class of Ninety-one had consisted of twenty-eight mechanics. Our number was now increased to fifty-eight by the addition of fourteen prospective civil engineers and seven prospective chemists.

Work now began in earnest. We were still young and not particularly well acquainted with the majority of our Faculty. We had heard stories of promising stars, leaders of their classes in fact, who had been cut off in the prime of their course here, because they failed to spend more than twenty-four hours a day on their work, because they had been known to smile in term time, or because they had shown ability and enthusiasm in matters not strictly embodied in the regular curriculum. Whatever may have been the cause or the inspiration, it is certain that if any class ever worked at this Institute, we did during our Junior year. We solved Chauvenet's enigmas by the thousand. We committed to memory more pages of German than we ever translated, and we translated probably more pages of German than we ever will again. As one of the professors asserted we should be, we were held to the grindstone, but the grinding was all on our part.

However, we were not entirely dead to the outside world. Ninety-one's performances at the last field day made matters in an athletic point of view look rather dubious for the other classes and especially Eighty-nine. These Seniors not wishing to be humiliated by an overwhelming defeat at our young hands, called a meeting of the athletic association to consider the advisability of omitting the regular fall field day. After a most exciting discussion the question was put, and carried. No field sports were held and no victory therefore won.

The tennis tournament was about to begin and we thought a hand in the department of athletics might be agreeable. The result is given in the tennis report. The former champion, a member of the class of '88, handed the Landsing Cup to the new champion, a member of the class of '91.

After tennis came football enthusiasm. The Institute team did most creditable work during that season, and were well supported by the students, but the class series of games was devoid of any particular merit worthy of perpetuation. A detailed account of these games however, may be had from the article on football, published in our class book.

Cold weather was now coming upon us with its attendant evil. "*The Techs Visit the Musee. Fifty-two Students in the Front Seats Last Evening. Five Students Arrested.*" Such was the heading of an article which appeared in one of the morning papers.

This however, is no offence to be charged to Ninety-one. We accepted an invitation from our senior students to witness or inspect the Front Street comedy company, and it was for this innocent purpose that we chartered the larger part of the orchestra. The performance was interesting to say the least; but the after performance in which the five students were *arrested* was rather an unusual spectacle for students of our age and standing. This episode however had a peaceful and even a pleasant conclusion. Experience begets wisdom, and wisdom gained by experience is of inestimable value.

Because I have been recording incidents of athletics, of amusement or recreation, I trust, I have not given the impression that our lot was one of ease and high life. On the contrary it was one of hard and unremitting work. Most if not all of these incidents, remember, have transpired at times when there was no session of the Institute and for Juniors such times were infrequent and of short duration. After session at night or an occasional Saturday afternoon furnished what little time we devoted to such frivolous matters.

Our third semi-annual examinations were upon us before we were aware, but while we were still Juniors, and with possible conditions awaiting us in German, Solid Geometry, Higher Algebra, Trigonometry Chemistry, Physics, and the like, it is not strange that we, like Juniors of all the preceding and of succeeding classes, had considerable antipathy for this set of semi-annuals. The cyclone however came, and Ninety-one has been crippled and incomplete ever since. Whatever may have been the system or lack of system in passing judgment, one thing is certain—the Junior examination swept from our ranks some of our smartest and most worthy men—students whose intelligence and good character was apparent in every word and action. Policy prevents my mentioning names, but if it were my privilege to do so it would give me great pleasure to cite and discuss individual cases. The sentiment of this class protests and has protested for over two years against any system or method of ranking or of sizing up in which the element of personality or favoritism can be so unscrupulously exercised. Some of the men who have gone from our class are to-day holding positions of trust and responsibility which many a graduate of this institution would be only too proud to hold.

Those of us who were permitted to return after the summer vacation,



rejoiced in our new degree, and seats in the chapel centre, near the organ. We realized that some of our greatest obstacles had been overcome, and that with the fates and Faculty on our side we might hope for a commencement in 1891. We had become somewhat familiar with the wires and pipe lines by this time and we worked them to advantage. Most of us realized that nominal membership, at least, in the Y. M. C. A. was essential for best results, and we hastened with our annual due of twenty-five cents to secure this point. There was also a certain professor whose authority was recognized and whom we met in our Middle year for the first time. Above everything else, a profound interest, a reverence for those subjects which he pretended to teach was absolutely essential for peace and progress. By great perseverance and exertion this interest and reverence for him and his subjects was assumed and maintained for nearly two years, but it was the struggle of our course. Our Middle year nevertheless was not darkened by anything of this sort, for we knew that atonement was sure to follow in due time.

During that part of our course which had already passed we had experienced many happy times, but none so pleasant as the event which according to an established custom we commemorated about this time. On a Tuesday night at the Bay State House, the thirty-five representatives remaining proclaimed again the existence of Ninety-one. It was here that we reviewed the past and discussed the probable future.

After paying our respects to the rousing banquet which the occasion demanded, we continued with a lively programme to make ourselves merry until the small hours of the morning were upon us. Nothing had been forgotten to make the event a suitable commemoration; not even the Faculty's toast. The destroying bowl was there to drive away all cares and to keep our spirits in tune for the occasion. For once at least in our course all thoughts of study were put aside and all melancholy obliterated. Surely our half way supper will ever be remembered as one of the most jubilant occasions of our lives.

Such jubilation as this however was only for an evening. The class rooms received us the next day with their accustomed coolness and everything moved on at its regular pace. We were on the last lap of our Middle year and found no time for loafing. Mathematics in its last stages was somewhat deep, and our Physic's finals proved an unpleas-

ant surprise. Our German however was not so formidable and our excellence in this language was often the source of much comment. "Jinny's" pace was fast but our *pony* was invincible.

As we started upon our Senior year we began to have a consciousness of the fact that our days at the Tech were numbered and that as Seniors we were, as the Doctor puts it, in a measure responsible for the progress and deportment of our under classmen. Realizing the seriousness of the situation, we could not but conduct ourselves as was befitting those of our exalted position. We trust that during the past year we have set our disciples an example more or less worthy of emulation, but we shall not feel particularly offended if coming classes fail to follow our exact footsteps. Excitement and enthusiasm seem to be most lacking at this institution, but our efforts to supply this deficiency during the past few months have not met with universal approval. The tale of the tub and elevator crates is still fresh in our memories. Never in our history had there been such a grand display of enthusiasm or such a genuine interest in any piece of work as was manifest when the old washtub was demolished and with *ten thousand* feet of elevator remains decomposed into their original elements. Fire and oil, enthusiasm, animation, excitement and a lasting benefit to Tech society was recognized by the Faculty as a criminal offence, and our treasurer was held personally responsible by Chief Justice Higgins, in a sum not less than fifty dollars. The treasurer promptly appealed, when the Chief Justice withdrew his decision and imposed a fine of seven dollars and thirty cents. This might have been a fair price, had the materials consumed been of rosewood rather than second hand spruce, but the victim of our enterprise was willing to contribute to the support of the Washburn Shops to this extent, and though a poor man, he cheerfully made the donation.

Our next incineration however was arranged with a proper regard for the law and Faculty feeling. When it became our unpleasant duty to try Miss *Poly Con* for the grave offence with which she was charged, and to carry out the decree of the court after sentence had been pronounced we proceeded cautiously and with due preparation. The sanction of the city marshal and the support of the city guards were obtained for the occasion. An account of the trial and the incineration of this ignoble culprit may be found in the class book which I trust you will all have an opportunity to peruse. Thus our reputation as enthusiastic students, as

well as our athletic career was not only maintained but strengthened and broadened as time went on. That we have been without a rival in athletics is shown by the fact that we have broken sixteen records and to day hold the Institute records in eight athletic events. Our history in the class room, the laboratories and the work shops is told by the fact that we have reached our Commencement and are about to become alumni of the Worcester Polytechnic Institute.

Our total membership has been sixty-five and but thirty-four of us or fifty-two per cent. are left to graduate. This is an old story told by all classes on Commencement Day but it is nevertheless a subject for reflection. Though our history as a class is at its end we have but just crossed the threshold of life and we realize that as individuals our work has but begun. The world has yet its claim upon us and will hold us responsible for the work which is before us. May we then live such lives of usefulness as shall justly entitle us to the honor and respect of our fellow-men.





A  
Comedy  
In Five Acts



H. H. Tracy '91 Dr.

To THE WASH  
OF THE WORCESTER POL  
WORCESTER.

Crates & Wood \$ 30

Am! Piece of the old  
sink, aint it, professor?



THE  
INQUISITION

Dec 31<sup>st</sup> 1850  
Received payment  
W. R. D. Hissins

# CLASS ODE.

William H. Baird.

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“Honor to him who caters to the King.”  
The King—the soul—the inner man—the mind.  
Tributes of honor, songs of praises bring  
To him who thinks and labors for his kind.

Honor to him who brings the mind to see  
Some higher aim, some nobler end for man.  
Who helps the thought on eagle wings to fly,  
Above the clod—the fairer world to scan.

Honor to him who spurs ambition on,  
Rightly directs the current in its glow,  
Watches with careful eye the hopes expand,  
Trains and instructs the wishes as they flow.

To teachers, benefactors, class-mates, friends;  
In highest honor plant we here this tree,  
To them a noble monument to stand,  
And centre to our class' unity.

And as we part, this last, perhaps, for aye,  
To farthest quarters of the globe may be,  
We'll break no bonds of brotherhood, but grow,  
The separate branches of the class' tree.

# Class \* Oration.

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## LOOKING OUTWARD.

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Sumner A. Kinsley.

I AM uncertain if my subject is quite as happily chosen as one less enigmatical would be. It clearly fails to disclose anything, peculiar or otherwise, that one might hope to see in the direction suggested. Even the particular field that is being covered, when one is "looking outward," must depend on the construction placed upon those words. It is certainly not intended herein to imply, that to look in the opposite direction,—to make a personal introspection of character,—would be less engaging or less appropriate at this time. But any reminder of the "personal" is exceeding unpopular in this vicinity, and my classmates would never forgive the resurrection of a ghost which they buried forever at the last examinations.

Nor could one look inward without questioning the wisdom of a famous divine, when he said,—“Look up and not down; look forward and not back; look *out* and not in, and lend a hand.” It is true that no less a writer than Edward Bellamy flatly ignored the advice just quoted, in the title at least of his recent remarkable success, “Looking Backward.” Writers of Edward Bellamy’s reputation, however, are in a position to ignore advice from any source, and get well paid for it, too. It would hardly seem in keeping with the limitations of this maiden endeavor, to make a like incursion on Edward Everett Hale’s oft quoted words. Much, therefore, as a personal introspection might seem desirable, in view of the closing to-morrow of our checquered Institute careers, the *vis viva* of this effort will be expended on a broader field.



The date of these exercises is one of the parties to a happy coincidence. Our flag is flying to-day, not only because this is our particular carnival, but because this is a day of days for every true American citizen. Everyone who has not been out of school so long as to have a distorted impression of important dates in history, knows that this is the one hundred and sixteenth anniversary of Bunker Hill. That battle without doubt was largely instrumental in making the present gilded dome on Beacon hill a possibility. What, then, is more natural or more fitting, than to let this coincidence serve as a reason for the expression of some thoughts, national in their character.

One hundred and sixteen years is a short period in history, yet the present century has witnessed the building up of a republic that has astounded the tardy, conservative nations of Europe. We are fortunate in our ancestry and are justly proud of our heritage—a birth-right to citizenship in this world-wide honored nation. We are more fortunate still, to live in a time of peace and unbounded prosperity. This nation was conceived in a frightful struggle,—amid the clash of arms with the mother country. It was perfected by the consummate skill of the Federal Conventionists. Washington, Hamilton, Madison, and Franklin, in the Federal Convention of 1787, builded better than they knew. They could only struggle, and prophesy, and hope for the best; we are comfortably reaping the rewards of their indomitable courage. They left us a perfected nation, yet left it with the injunction to preserve its entity, establish justice, insure peace at home, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity. Our posterity is indeed an uncertainty,—for the present, a hazy, nebulous dream. On the other hand, our own existence is a reality, which, as responsible citizens, cannot be too strongly impressed on our minds. It is in looking outward over this vast heritage, noting some arid spots that need wise cultivation, and discovering, perchance, the measure of our responsibility, that these few moments will be occupied,—at least in intention.

National holiday orators never fail to declaim upon the wonderful republic that has resulted from the union of the thirteen little states. And well they may, since the proudest monarchies of the world unite in admitting that our theory of popular government has survived tests that would place their own vitality in question. Yet, as has been said, a

century is a short period in history, and in that time, notably in the last fifty years, a remarkable change has come upon the fair face of this nation. This change is in the nature of a growth,—a growth that ought to be healthy because it is so strong—a growth, nevertheless, that is making some ugly scars on our body politic. The reference is directly to the fast increasing number of hastily-constructed, ill-governed cities. The ascendancy of so many mighty cities, all out of proportion to our ability to cope with the problems they have presented, has been the cause of some seemingly well-grounded alarm.

It is not that the city is in itself necessarily a danger or a blemish. There are no inherent qualities that ought to cause alarm or distrust. It is only when the city becomes the controlling influence in the nation, and that influence is in the hands of irresponsible and vicious politicians, that the danger to our foundations becomes apparent. There is no question that the great cities rule the world. It has always been so. In ancient times there were Alexandria, and Ephesus, and Jerusalem, and Damascus, and Athens, and Rome. They ruled the world. To-day there are Berlin, and Paris, and mighty London, and heartless St. Petersburg, and in our own country New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, and San Francisco. Is there any question that these cities rule the world? France has never been anything more than a wholesome morsel, upon which Paris has settled, and sent out her emissaries, like the tentacles of a great devil-fish, to drain the country to its dregs. Massachusetts, whose career as a state and as an integral part of the nation has been so honorable, is vaguely known abroad only as an indefinite piece of territory, somewhere in the vicinity of Boston.

If then, the cities always have ruled the world, why place any bar to their evident purpose and seemingly inherited right? The answer must be found, if anywhere, in the colossal robbery and bare-faced fraud that characterize American city governments. The survival of the strongest is to be encouraged only when it is also the survival of the fittest. Unfortunately, our magnificent cities,—magnificent from a distance—have become safe harbors for all that is most unwholesome, unholy, and vicious. No one who reads the papers, believes that New York ever had, or ever will have an honest election. No city, which has so little regard for moral principles on a large scale, as to encourage any such vicious scheme as the Louisiana Lottery, ought to complain when a

band of Italian snakes dares to glide fearlessly through its principal streets, to plunder and murder where it will.

The Clan-a-Gael of Chicago, the Mafia of New Orleans, and Tammany Hall in New York, are the natural and legitimate outcome of our policy of extending the freedom of our cities to the riff-raff of Europe. It is only within a short time that our legislators have thought it necessary to close the national doors to foreign paupers and criminals. Great reforms move slowly, indeed. It is first in allowing these vicious elements to find protection with us, and then in permitting them to gain control in our city governments, that the nation has made its mistake, and our legislators are just waking up to the fact. Hence it is that the press, the pulpit, and members of Congress have recently become so earnest in their demand for the suppression of this cause of evil. This is by no means a new subject and is not chosen because it presents any elements of originality. Yet it is in keeping with the patriotic feelings that the day ought to inspire, and also in keeping with such application of it as I hope briefly to make. I assume that my classmates are in sympathy with law and order, even though the chain of evidence in this regard, appears to be weak at points in our class history. It is because of our position, as prospective graduates of an high institution of learning, that we are in duty bound to recognize a responsibility and meet our obligations.

This week and next will witness scenes that will be indelibly stamped upon the memories of thousands of young men,—men who have completed their course in some honored college, and must soon begin active life for themselves, and as the constitution says, for posterity. It will not require an intimate acquaintance with the census reports, to accurately locate a large majority of these men, taken as a body. They will go to the cities—a great number of them to the large cities. A college graduate is out of place in a small village, unless he be a physician, a teacher, or a parson,—and he knows it.

Not that there is anything disreputable about rural life—not at all. A sure sign of the good health of a nation is the songs of its poets, and you seldom hear a poet sing of the city. Imagine the possibilities before the poet who sits him down by a shaded brook, to pour out his soul in lines to his “Bonnie Lassie!” Now picture the same man in an eighteen-story high, five by nine, fifty dollars a week room, inscrib-



ing some lines to "Bonnie Chicago!" No, the poet sings of the country and of its picturesque people. Every one has recited those lines of Whittier's:—

"Blessings on thee, little man,  
Barefoot-boy with cheek of tan!  
With thy turned up pantaloons,  
And thy merry whistled tunes;"

And lest I seem exclusive and indifferent to our friends who are present, let me quote another parallel stanza which is in point. I am uncertain of the authorship, but the lines are as follows:—

"I'm a merry little mountain-maid,  
As o'er the fields I rove,  
Eating huckle-berries all the day,  
And learning how to love."

All of which is irrelevant, except to disprove any intention of ignoring the charms of rural life. It is simply that the country contains scarcely anything that the young man, or the young woman, for that matter, wants. College boys would be too proud to go bare footed, much as they might like to, and college girls are looking out for themselves, and haven't time, either to eat huckle-berries all day or learn how to love. Hence it is that the city, more often the large city, gets the college graduate.

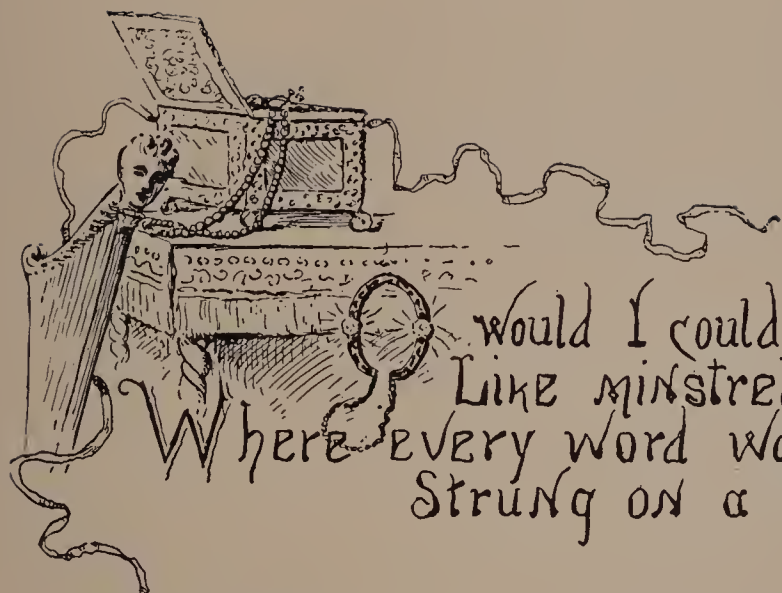
The application is simply this. The college man, by reason of his education, is peculiarly fitted to exert a strong influence, either for good or for evil. He has been educated on questions of civil government and understands the nature of the evils that are gaining a foot-hold in the large cities. These elements of evil do not openly menace the nation, but they turn the cities into great sores which are never healed.

The nation is ruled by the cities and the cities are ruled by the slum-kings. It does not seem an exaggeration to say that the slum-kings are everywhere acting under the direction of the lords of the saloon, and the lords of the saloon are gloriously painting the land, under the immediate generalship of the Devil.

Something is evidently the matter with this good old nation of ours. The well laid plans of our forefathers to make of this nation a home for any who should seek its shores, have somehow sadly miscarried. One great trouble is manifestly the perfect control exerted by vicious politicians over our ignorant classes, who know nothing and care less about purity of government.

For us to claim a degree of intelligence and capacity for judgment about questions concerning the nation's welfare, is clearly not an assumption of arrogance. Civil government is a science unknown to the masses who have sought America, rather than be lodged in European prisons. We, on the other hand, have been brought up on it.

Surely there is enough here to be done by men who have some honesty of purpose. We understand some elements of the evils that are placing our future prosperity in question. Some of us are going soon to the great cities. To carry into them a feeling of national pride and integrity of purpose, is clearly within the limits of our obligation. Let us not forget, therefore, the responsibility that is ours, but carry into our future abiding places a determination to influence for good, commensurate with our education and ability.



Would I could write a poem  
Like minstrels sang of old.  
Where every word was a pearl of praise  
Strung on a thread of gold.

Where every thought was pendant,  
A jewel full of light.  
And shone with a mellow beauty,  
Like stars of a summer night.

I would string them all for my  
Loved One  
And fit them with all my care.  
She should wear them, to worth a tribute  
And make them more wondrously fair.

B—



## When the Cat's Away.

---

"Say, Billy, got five coppers for a nickel?"

"Naw, hain't got a cent."

"Here, Dutchy, I've got 'em."

"Lemme take 'em, won't you? Thanks."

"Now, Doc, I'll match you."

"How's this, match or shake 'em,—I don't care—go ahead,—Shake 'em up—Heads! I'm three on you—*Heads again, by George!* Here, Dutchy, that 'un's mine on the floor."

"I guess not—it's *tails!*"

"Keep it then—your shake—Tails—That's m——, *Cheese it*, fellows, here comes the Doc. Three of them's mine, remember. \* \* \* \* \*

"Go on, there, fellows, 'twasn't the Doc, it's only Banty."

"Let her gizzle, boys, don't be afraid of me."

"Gimme my three—Let's match 'em this time,—you match—mine—put her down, that's *mine!*—yours again, mine—"

"There, you've got my last one—lend me one—*Cheese it! Cheese it!* fellows, it's Doc sure this time. Well, I got a car fare out of it, anyway."

"Going all right, Mr. R—d?"

"*Yes, sir.*"

# Tree Oration.

Bradford A. Gibson.

---

FRIENDS AND FELLOW STUDENTS :

We have done a deed which will leave its impression upon our memories and will leave its mark upon the annual topographical map of these grounds. The twenty-first class to leave the Institute turns aside to-day from its accustomed duties and conducts exercises in marked contrast to them. Ninety-one for the first and probably for the last time in its life is engaged in the observance of an arbor day.

The idea has not originated with us but is a custom we have found here and are proud to honor. There is a not unreasonable sentiment, caused partly perhaps by a spirit of rivalry, calling for new ideas to replace those that have been used before, but it would be a pity to sacrifice a good custom like this because it were not new, and the planting of a class tree is as interesting a proceeding to us as it was to the first band of brothers, or sisters, or brothers and sisters, that established the idea.

The lapse of time furnishes a reason for this deed. The lapse of time ! We will think of it as Bryant did.

“Then haste thee, time—’tis kindness all  
That speeds thy wingèd feet so fast :  
Thy pleasures stay not till they pall,  
And all thy pains are quickly past.”

As time has allowed us to experience many pleasures here which have not stayed long enough to pall, and as the pains of three years are now past, we wish to leave something as a memorial. We would leave something to help perpetuate our memory.

What would the world be to us with no remembrances of the past? If we could never think of anything but the affairs of the present and the affairs of the future, however important they may be, would not our whole natures be greatly narrowed? What a blessed state of calm and tranquillity when friends, long separated from each other, meet again, and after the first greetings, dropping all present subjects of interest, rehearse their recollections of the friends and incidents of long ago! Members of Ninety-one, we will one day arrive at such a point and will have a satisfaction in knowing that a certain elm stands sacred to the memory of us as a class.

The tree is identified with the class. Each member has deposited his portion of earth about the roots. Each one wishes it to grow and thrive, and this gathering is in sympathy with us. Surely, with so many good wishes to encourage it, it should thrive, and besides, we took good care to obtain a healthy and promising tree.

To-day it possesses a special interest. In time it will possess only the interest of an ordinary tree for the many who will pass through these grounds. With them perhaps its identity will be lost, it will be one of many. When, however, an alumnus of Ninety-one returns to visit his Alma Mater, as many an one will in future years, he will rejoice to see how the grounds have been beautified. He will admire the trees and he will look for *the* tree, the monument he has helped to erect. What suggestions and recollections it will bring! Perhaps other trees will receive some of his attention when he remembers that they also have attached to them a special interest in the hearts of certain groups of young men, or of men who may be no longer young. He will pay them an attention that others might not give, induced by his sentiments toward his own tree.

This class will not always be as prominently before the public as it is to-day. It will take its proportionate part in the history of the future, but as its members become scattered, each one doing his part, they will cease to be thought of as a class by the multitude. In the minds of



each one of them, however, the class will ever be prominent, it will ever be a reality, it will never lose its individuality.

It is proper that one of our last acts while still connected with the Institute should be this tribute to our Alma Mater and to Nature. If during our course here we have not always given her the thought she deserves, we unite to-day for a little while in bringing our thoughts back to Nature. We are glad to go out into the open air for a little time and to "list to Nature's teaching."

Classmates, we are soon to separate and must run our lines independently. Here, at the foot of the hill, on our right hand as we enter the drive, to be watched over during its younger years by worthy companions, we have established our Bench Mark. It is a substantial and a goodly one. Whatever our future may be, we will retain the memory of this tree, planted at a time when all things appeared bright and promising to us.



# CLASS POEM.

Arthur L. Rice.

---

IN olden times, so runs the tale,  
In a distant land across the sea,  
There bubbled forth from a hillside green  
A spring, whose waters pure and free,  
Gave health and vigor to all who drank;  
Made weak ones strong, and the blind to see.

The fame of the spring spread far and wide,  
And many came from distant lands  
To drink of the waters, and be made whole;  
And thither travellers came in bands,  
For strength to last them on the way,  
E'er they went on journeys to foreign strands.

They tarried awhile at the fountain's brim,  
And quaffed the waters, sparkling bright,  
Talking and jesting carelessly,  
Enjoying their freedom with keen delight.  
Till, stronger grown and more vigorous,  
They parted, and passed from each other's sight.

We, too, like a band of travellers came  
To tarry at Wisdom's fount a day,  
To drink deep draughts at her sparkling spring,  
And vigor gain from the grateful spray,  
And strength and knowledge, to quicken us  
E'er we started on life's uncertain way.

Three fleeting years have come and gone,  
Since we came to the dear old hill ;  
Three long, long years they seemed to us then,  
But through our hearts went a thrill  
As we thought, " I belong to the Worcester Tech ; "  
And went at our work with a will.

Sometimes, since then, they have seemed to us long,  
And we've wished that we were through ;  
When the problems wouldn't come right, and it seemed  
The saying was very true,  
" The path to knowledge is rough and steep,  
And its pleasures are but few."

But when on the Park at the field day sports,  
Our men have the prizes won,  
When we've counted the honors we have gained,  
The frolics we've had, and the fun,  
We have felt three years were all too short ;  
We have sighed that the end must come.

What a class of fellows we are, to be sure,  
Why e'en when as Preps we came,  
Good Fortune consented to smile on us,  
Though she is a fickle dame,  
And gave us the first thing we tried to get,  
The Ninety-one, Ninety game.

And when our first field day came around,  
Forth our enterprise did beam ;  
For our flag was flying o'er the field,  
With its cardinal and cream.  
Two Ninety men left their work that day,  
And our flag disappeared like a dream.

But though it was gone we were not dismayed,  
We faltered not a bit ;  
Each man went into his race to win,



And he ran it out on grit.  
Never a Prep class has done so well ;  
Our Dad did most of it.

That day was a presage of those to come ;  
For, since that victory,  
We've held our place as the foremost class,  
Though the others in vain would try  
To wrest the prizes from our grasp,  
And bear the palm away.

As Juniors we had to mourn the loss  
Of the best man in our set ;  
Poor Fiske, our leader in work and sport ;  
We think with sad regret  
What he might have been had he only lived,  
Were he only with us yet.

With study and fun the time passed by,  
And we came to our "Half Way Through ;"  
As we gathered within the banquet hall,  
Oh ! weren't we a jolly crew !  
What a night of glorious fun we had !  
Such times have been too few.

Some things in "Thermo " we couldn't see,  
So in order to get more light,  
And to find the specific heat of wood,  
We started a fire one night.  
The investigation didn't succeed,  
But the *feuer* was all right.

We have grown as wise as wise can be,  
Since we've lived in student land ;  
We can translate German by the yard,  
Mechanics we understand ;  
But it bothers us some to multiply,  
Unless we've a book at hand.

In practical things, too, we are skilled,  
As the work we can do will prove ;  
Build bridges on paper, split molecules,  
And find out how forces will move.  
We've some of us tested buzz-saws with our thumbs,  
And find that they cut a nice groove.

Classmates, we now have reached the end,  
Our victories here are won ;  
The days, so full of work and sport,  
Have passed by and are gone.  
Our college life at the dear old Tech  
As a class, is almost done.

But friendship's ties, the precious bonds  
That have bound us heart to heart,  
Will never break, though our different paths  
May lead us far apart ;  
Still the thought of parting makes us sad,  
And tears to the eye will start.

Though we say farewell to the Tech to-day,  
Our interest does not cease ;  
We wish her a long and useful life,  
And alway a grand increase ;  
That from burdens which lessen her power for good  
She soon may find release.

That in sport as in work, in field as in hall,  
She yet may take her stand  
In the place where she should rightly be,  
With the foremost of the land.  
That she may train the body, as well  
As the mind, the eye, the hand.

Now, classmates, let us do our best  
To help Alma Mater thrive ;  
Let us spread her fame for training men

Who can keep the world alive ;  
Let us remember, our fame is hers,  
And onward and upward strive.

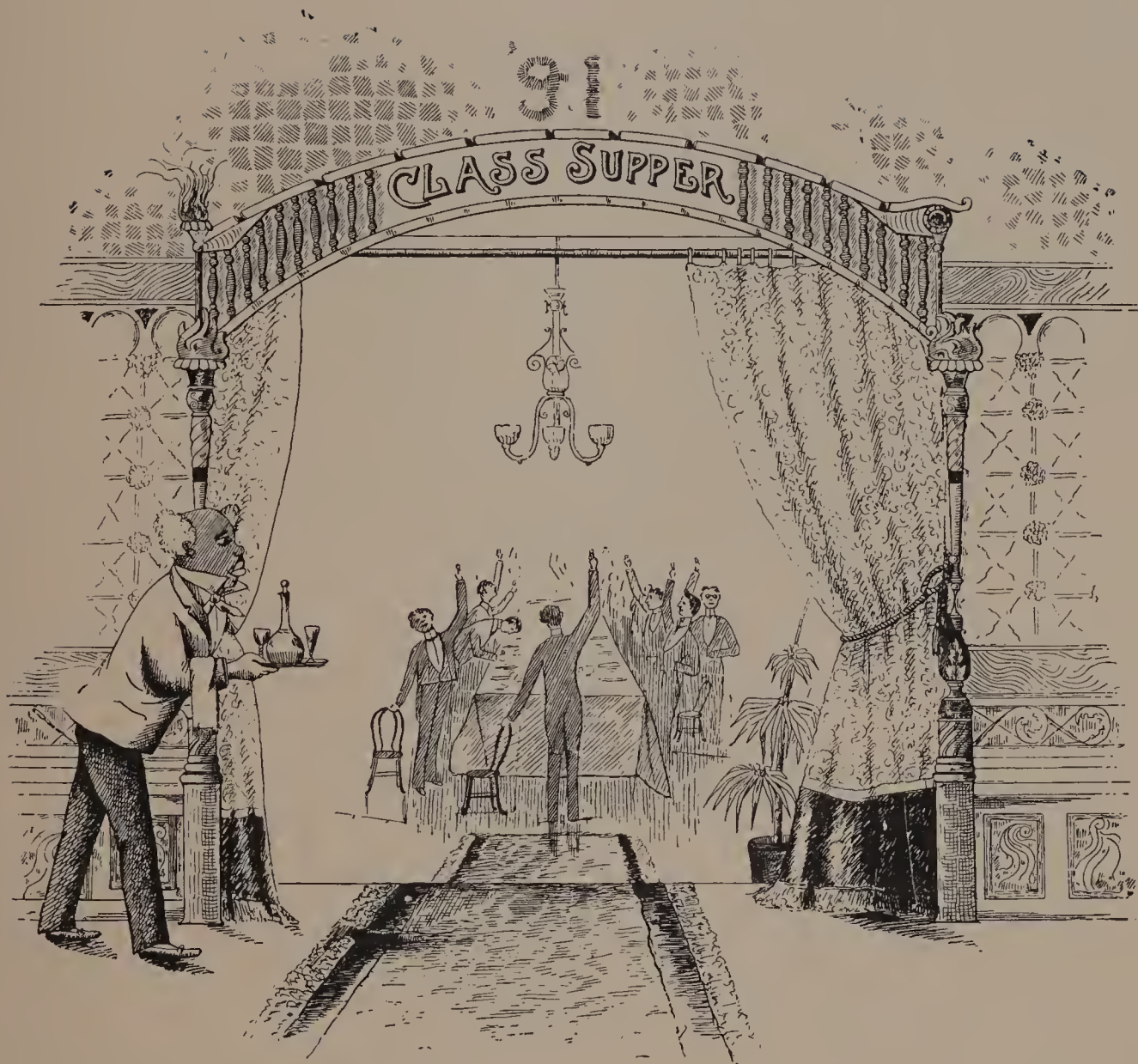
There are victories waiting for us in the world,  
If we boldly enter the fray ;  
Our Alma Mater has given us  
What will help us on our way.  
We came here boys : she has made us men,  
And she says to us to-day :

“I have taught you lessons of wisdom and truth  
To be through life your guide :  
Go forth, my sons, and live such lives  
That in you I may take just pride ;  
Be true and manly ; and if may be  
Win honor and fame beside.”

Let us heed her words as we journey on  
In our lives that are just begun ;  
Let us take them with us on our way  
Till our work on earth is done.  
As we go forth now to commence that work,  
May God bless Ninety-one.

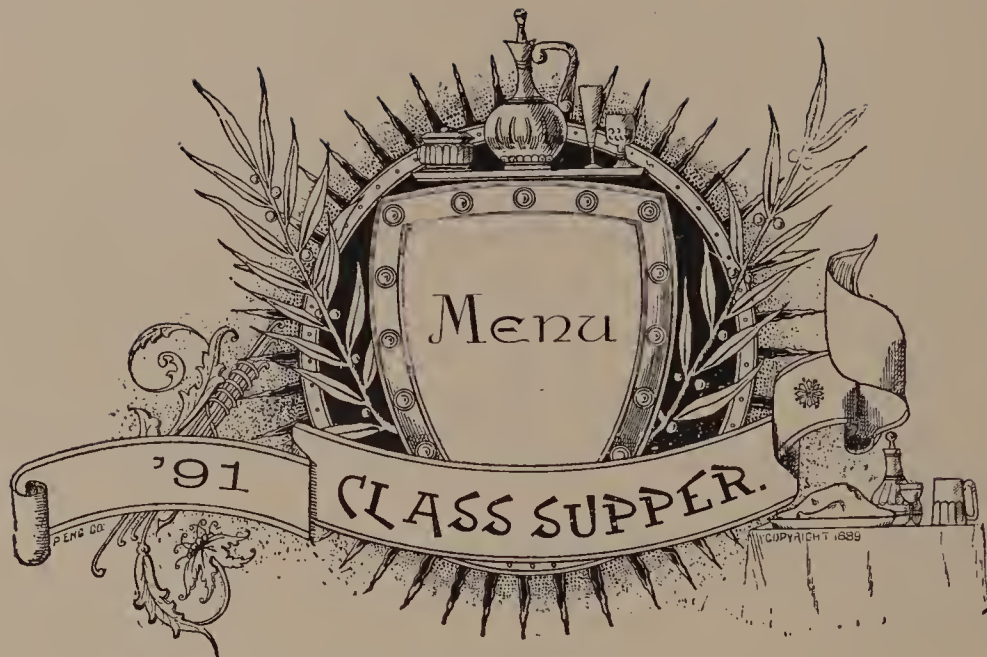


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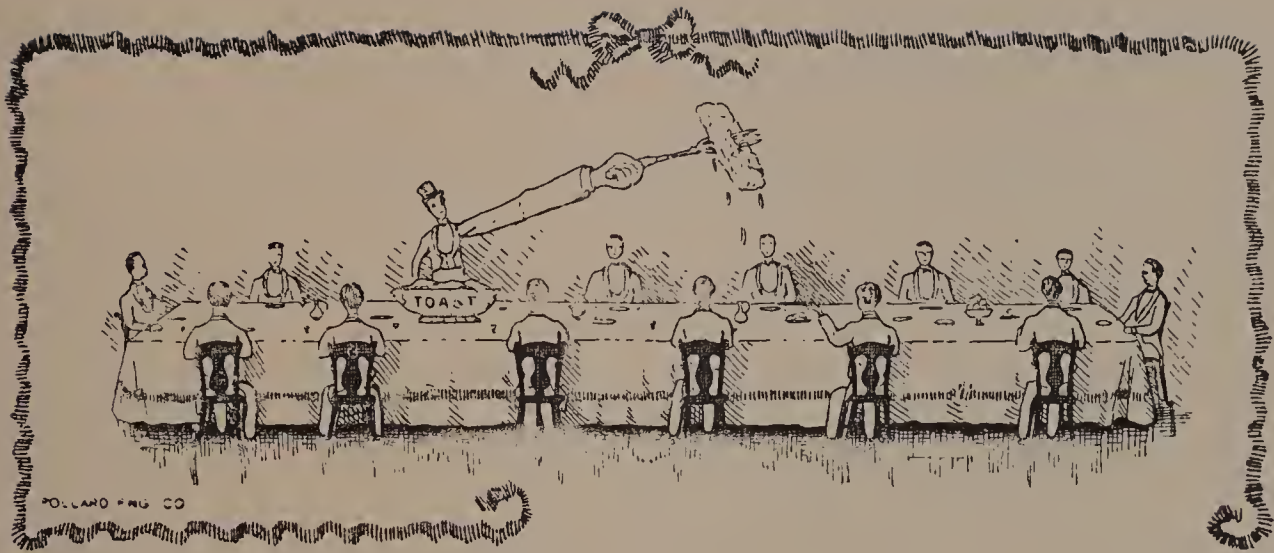
HALF © WAY © THRO'

January 21, 1890.



Served up hot every day.

—for the blessings of the day gone past—the light of another new day  
—teachers and students in the work of the day—the homes from which  
we come—all who are in any special need of which we may not know—  
every interest of truth and right—that the world may be better for our  
having been “in it.”



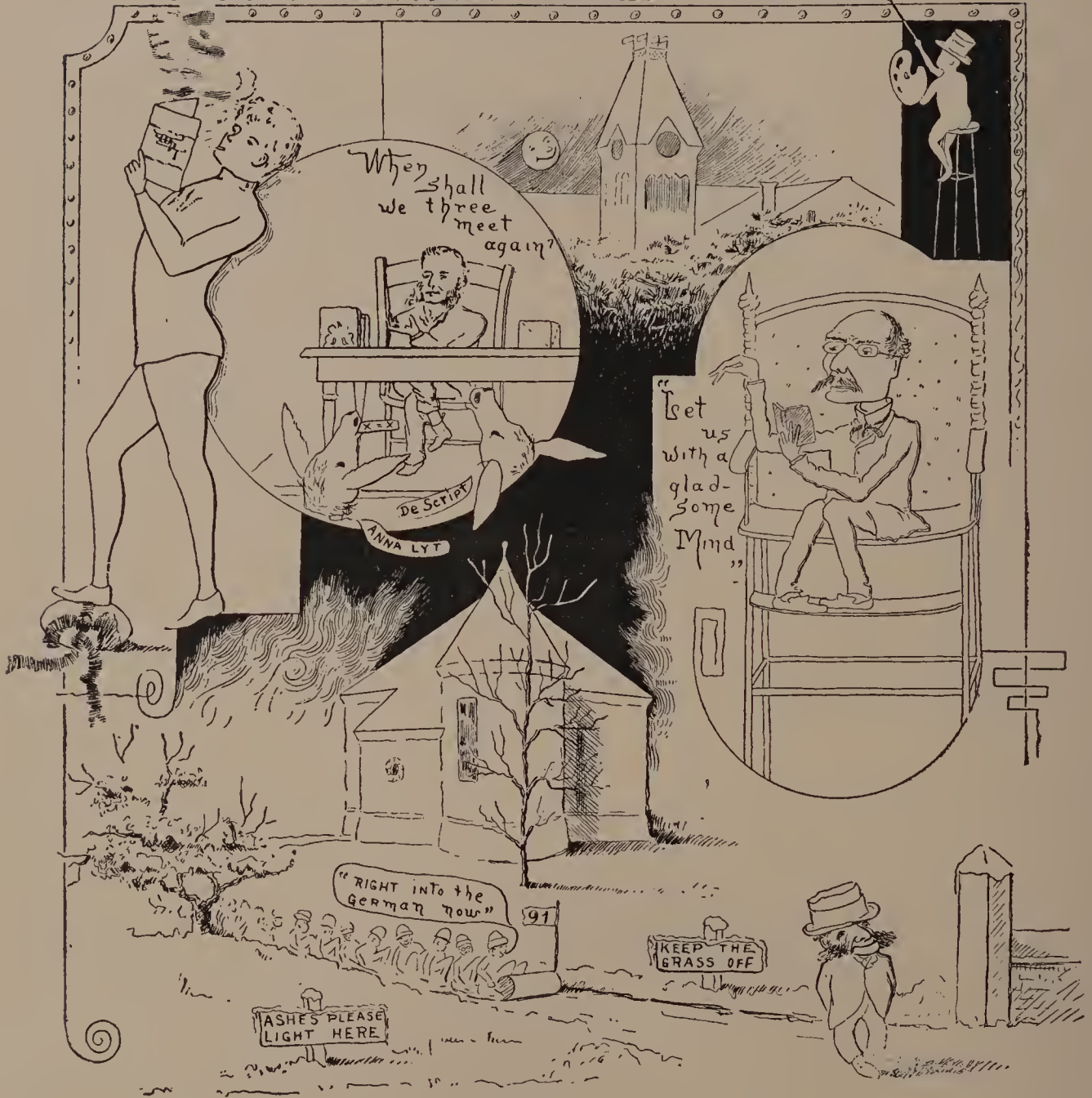
Toast Master: SUMNER A. KINSLEY.

### Toasts.

<i>Half Way Through,</i>	.	.	.	.	.	CHARLES H. DUNBAR.
<i>Past History,</i>	.	.	.	.	.	FRED A. BIGELOW.
<i>Victories and Defeats,.</i>	.	.	.	.	.	FRANK E. BRADFORD.
<i>Our Athletics,</i>	.	.	.	.	.	HERBERT A. WARREN.
<i>John Hurley,</i>	.	.	.	.	.	JAMES C. PERHAM.
<i>The Excuse System,</i>	.	.	.	.	.	JOHN A. WHITTAKER.
<i>The Coming Half,</i>	.	.	.	.	.	EDWIN A. TAYLOR.
<i>The Faculty,</i>	.	.	.	.	.	HARRY L. DADMAN.



# "What's in the Lamp?"



# Senior Appointments.

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<i>Valedictory,</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	GEORGE W. BOOTH.
<i>Class Oration,</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	SUMNER A. KINSLEY.
<i>Class History,</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	CHARLES H. DUNBAR.
<i>Tree Oration,</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	BRADFORD A. GIBSON.
<i>Class Poem,</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	ARTHUR L. RICE.
<i>Grinds,</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	EDWIN A. TAYLOR.

# Class Officers.

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## APPRENTICE YEAR.

SUMNER A. KINSLEY,	. . . . .	<i>President.</i>
FREDERICK W. FISKE,	. . . . .	<i>Vice-President.</i>
ARTHUR L. RICE,	. . . . .	<i>Secretary.</i>
GRANVILLE W. CARLETON,	. . . . .	<i>Treasurer.</i>

## FIRST HALF JUNIOR YEAR.

HARRY L. DADMUN,	. . . . .	<i>President.</i>
HARRISON P. EDDY,	. . . . .	<i>Vice-President.</i>
FREDERICK W. FISKE,	. . . . .	<i>Secretary.</i>
EDWIN A. TAYLOR,	. . . . .	<i>Treasurer.</i>

## SECOND HALF JUNIOR YEAR.

WALTER HASTINGS,	. . . . .	<i>President.</i>
FRED A. BIGELOW,	. . . . .	<i>Vice-President.</i>
FRED R. DAWSON,	. . . . .	<i>Secretary.</i>
ANDREW B. MCGOWN,	. . . . .	<i>Treasurer.</i>

## FIRST HALF MIDDLE YEAR.

FRED A. BIGELOW,	. . . . .	<i>President.</i>
HERBERT A. WARREN,	. . . . .	<i>Vice-President.</i>
WILLIAM H. BAIRD,	. . . . .	<i>Secretary.</i>
FRANCIS E. BRADFORD,	. . . . .	<i>Treasurer.</i>



*SECOND HALF MIDDLE YEAR.*

HERBERT A. WARREN,	<i>President.</i>
EDMUND P. POWER,	<i>Vice-President.</i>
GEORGE W. BOOTH,	<i>Secretary.</i>
EDWIN S. PHELPS,	<i>Treasurer.</i>

*FIRST HALF SENIOR YEAR.*

EDWIN S. PHELPS,	<i>President.</i>
CHARLES H. DUNBAR,	<i>Vice-President.</i>
GERALD ALLEY,	<i>Secretary.</i>
JOHN F. ROGERS,	<i>Treasurer.</i>

*SECOND HALF SENIOR YEAR.*


FRED A. BIGELOW.	<i>President.</i>
FRED C. HODGMAN,	<i>Vice-President.</i>
JOHN F. ROGERS,	<i>Secretary.</i>
H. HOMER TRACY,	<i>Treasurer.</i>





# FOOT BALL.

---

 OUR football history has been short and sweet, the few games we played showing us how little we knew of the game. The school team of '87 had been unusually successful and football enthusiasm ran high at the opening of the fall of 1888.

We all remember that special meeting of the Athletic Association, in which we were beaten, but in which we made such a valiant stand for general athletics. If talk had counted in that meeting we would have won. Would that the Association could have a few such lively meetings nowadays. The semi-annual field day was dropped that fall and all the time and money given to football. It was not until November that the class had a team. Up to this time '91 had shown that she had men who could play the game. On the first eleven we had five men, not one of whom was in school at the opening of our Middle year. On the second eleven we had five men, all of whom are still with us.

About the middle of October it was announced that there would be a series of class games. This aroused '91 and she arranged a game with the High School. It was a game for about five minutes. After that the High School was out of it, and spent its time dodging our rushers. Fiske captained the team and Dadmun was allowed to risk his precious life playing half back. Before the game he and Fiske commissioned a '91 man to score the touch-downs each member of the team made. The scorer ran short of paper so that their individual scores were lost. The referee announced the score as 99 to 0 in our favor. Too bad we couldn't have made one more point.



We felt somewhat elated at this victory and thought we could play football. November 3, we played '90 on the Worcester ball grounds just after the game with the Amherst Aggies. This game was arranged in a hurry and '91 has always thought that if she could have had Fish, the result might have been different. He was lost so far as we were concerned, so we played with ten men, '90 very graciously agreeing to play a like number. No one captained the team this time and 16 to 0 against us was the final result. '90 won the badges and '89 and '91 were content to divide second prize. This ended our football history for 1888.

The prospects for a good school eleven at the opening of the fall of 1889 was especially bright. Captain Lake had picked his team and '91 was in it, when there came that thunderbolt from a clear sky. The Faculty practically killed football at the Tech by that one blow. We've played some since, but only to spoil the good record previously made.

We played three games that fall. The game with '92 was our first and best effort, 4 to 0 in our favor being the result. On the strength of this, the eleven were photographed. Many who saw this game can remember how "Sadie" would start to run and suddenly feel sick and lie down, and how Taylor, the captain, would often get around the end of the rush line, but always stopped and bowed to the very ground, when he encountered '92's full back.

Then we had a game with '90. '90 was always our Jonah in football and base ball, and we were defeated by a score of 10 to 0.

The last game played by the team from the class of '91 was with the local High School eleven, and Hoskison Gates, the referee. By giving our opponents two touch-downs gratis, the score was declared by the aforesaid Hoskison Gates 14 to 14.

Owing to paralysis of football at this Institute for the past two years, we have taken less interest in the game than in other branches of athletics; but we devoutly hope that football will be played by coming classes as it was played in the days of '88 and '89.

# BASE BALL.

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FOR some unaccountable reason, Preps invariably seem to take a greater interest in base ball than any of the older classes, and the Prep class of '91 was no exception to this rule. H. L. Dadmun was elected captain, and candidates for positions on the team were requested to practice at convenient opportunities.

When the class games of the spring of '88 commenced, '91 had the following team: Kimball, c., Dadmun, p., Crane, 1 b., Metcalf, 2 b., Fiske, s. s., Bradford, 3 b., Bacon, l. f., Fish, c. f., Davis, r. f., Kinsley, substitute. The first game played was with '90 and it was a long and stubbornly contested battle. At the end of the seventh inning the game was called on account of darkness, the score standing 13 to 13.

The game was continued on the next night with the Juniors at the bat, and their side was retired with but one run. The Preps then took their turn with the ash, and before the last man was retired, four men had made the circuit of the bases. The Juniors then took another turn at solving "Dad's Originals," but their best efforts resulted in a goose-egg, while the whole Prep class embraced each other as never before.

This was the greatest victory that the ball team of '91 has ever won, as the class of '90 was defeated at base ball but three times during its entire course at the Tech. The Preps were defeated by the Middlers and Seniors each time by a close score and after an exciting contest.

The next year, when the base ball season came around, it was found that some of our best base ball material had left the school.

Crane left for his home in California, while Fish and Metcalf left on account of too much "hard work." The civils, who had joined the class in the fall, were examined, and in their ranks were found men who could fill the gaps in the team. These men were McGown, Whitaker, Phelps, Follett, Booth and McLane. Dawson and Hastings joined the mechanics at the same time.

Fred Dawson was elected captain and the team was made up as follows: Whittaker, c., Dadmun, p., Phelps, 1 b., Kimball, 2 b., McGown, s. s., Dawson, 3 b., Follett, l. f., Hastings, c. f., Booth, r. f., with Davis, Bacon, Kinsley and Bradford as substitutes.

The first game was with the Preps of '92, and much to her chagrin, '91 was beaten by a score of 29 to 28.

The two games with the Seniors were won by '91 with ease, but in the game with '90, the players seemed to lose heart and did not play the game of which they were capable. The result was a score of 28 to 20 in favor of the Middlers.

Again in the spring of '90 our ball team found itself in need of new men. Allard had joined our class from '90, and Follett, Dawson, Hastings, McGown and Bacon were among the missing. Some of these men, who could pick out "red ones" when at the bat, but couldn't at the same time see similar triangles in an "original," were told that the school had no further use for them.

The loss of these men was severely felt, and their places have never been filled.

A new canvass of our depleted ranks was again made. E. S. Phelps was chosen captain and a team was gotten together which was a ball nine only in name. Whittaker, c., Phelps, p., Booth, 1 b., Davis, 2 b., McLane, 3 b., Kimball, s. s., Allard, l. f., Dadmun, c. f., Bradford, r. f.

With this "scrub" team, '91 lost to the Juniors, played an exciting five inning game with '90, being beaten only through the umpire by a score of 9 to 8, and defeated the Preps after victory had many times turned the other way, by a score of 26 to 25.

This year, our last, we find ourselves without the services of McLane and Allard. But Reinbold, a member of '90, has joined our class, while E. A. Taylor takes McLane's place at third base. What this new team will do remains to be seen.

In looking at the ball team as it is to-day, and as it would have been had we lost no men, we are once more impressed with the truth of that quotation, "Of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these: *It might have been.*"



# \* TENNIS. \*

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THE tennis record of our class equals, if it does not surpass, that of any other class in the history of the Institute. It commenced when as Juniors we won the championship of the Institute at singles, the Lansing cup passing into the hands of our pet athlete Harry L. Dadmun.

In this tournament, the first during our connection with the Institute, we entered four men, Hastings, Fish, Dadmun and Bradford, in the singles, and two pairs consisting of Dadmun and Fish and Bradford and Hastings in the doubles. In the preliminaries of the singles, Dadmun won by default, and Hastings was dropped, being beaten by Sessions of '89, while Bradford and Fish drew byes. In the second round Dadmun defeated Southgate '89, 6-2 and 6-3 while Fish and Bradford were pitted against each other, Fish winning after a close contest by the scores of 7-5 and 6-4.

The third round again brought victory to "Dad," this time won from Fish, thus bringing him into the finals where he encountered Kimball of '89, who was considered the best player in school and a sure winner. After some very spirited playing, especially in the first and third set, "Dad," again captured a well earned victory and with it the Lansing Cup, the score being 6-4, 0-6 and 7-5.

In the doubles we would doubtless have made an equally good showing but for the fact that our teams were both defaulted for attending the Y. M. C. A. field sports where they were entered in many events, instead of playing tennis.

The fall tournament of '89 opened with but two men from our class in the singles and three in the doubles. Dadmun and Bradford in the former, and Dadmun, Bradford and Bigelow in the latter; Bigelow and Bradford playing together, while Dadmun played with Rice of '90. The first round of the singles found both men winners, Dadmun from Yates '92, 6-3, 6-8 and 6-2, and Bradford from Barnard '90, 6-1 and 7-5.

In the second round, Bradford fell a victim to Rice '90, the score being 7-5 and 6-1, while Dadmun won from Kimball '89, his old opponent, 6-1 and 6-2, his play showing marked improvement over that of the previous year. The list of winners for the next round again contained the name of Dadmun; this time it was Rice '90, who, although he fought hard, was obliged to succumb to our little champion, who by this victory won his way into the finals.

This final round, which was played with Southgate '92, created much interest among the classes and was a struggle throughout. Each game was closely contested, neither man winning until the score had been at deuce several times. The result of the match was a victory for our man and the continuance of the Lansing Cup in his possession for another year, the score being 6-2, 11-9, 3-6 and 6-3. In the doubles, Bradford and Bigelow played a winning game but lost to Morgan and White in the third set by careless plays. The score was 6-2, 7-9 and 5-7. Dadmun and Rice defeated all opponents and won the silver headed canes offered by the association as first prizes in the doubles.

The next tournament, that of the fall of '90, did not prove as much of a success as those of the preceding years. This was due to the poor weather and also to the fact that the best players of the Institute were entered in the Worcester Club tournament which occurred at the same time for the championship of Worcester County. This fall it was voted by the tennis association that the champion of the previous year should not be obliged to play in the tournament, but should meet the winner alone, in a contest of five sets for the championship of the Institute and the Lansing Cup.

Following this rule Dadmun did not play, and Bradford was the only man representing the class in the singles. He won the first round but was defeated by Dwinnell of '93 in the second, after some very close playing, by the score, of 7-5 and 6-3.

Southgate '92 won this tournament and played with Dadmun for the

cup. In this contest Southgate triumphed, being in remarkably good form as he had played constantly all the fall, while Dadmun on the other hand had scarcely touched a racquet since the previous year, his spare time being entirely taken up in other branches of athletics. This accounts for the poor game he played, it being much inferior to his play in the preceding tournament.

With this tournament ends the tennis history of our class, which, while it has not been remarkably brilliant has, as was said in the early part of this sketch, equalled that of any other class of the Institute, inasmuch as we held the championship at singles for two consecutive years and in doubles for one year.

The members of our class who have held offices in the tennis association are :

C. F. Whittemore, Secretary and Treasurer for the fall term of '88.

E. A. Taylor, Vice-President for the spring of '89.

C. H. Dunbar, Vice-President for the fall of '90, and

F. E. Bradford, President fall of '90; Vice-President fall of '89, and Secretary and Treasurer spring of '90.





# ATHLETICS.

---

**A**LTHOUGH we cannot boast of what Ninety-one has accomplished in team work, we can point with some pride to her record on the track. This record is a glorious one and surpasses that of any other class yet known to the Institute. From the beginning, Ninety-one has been prominent, never having taken a back seat, and only once, and that on our first field day, did we ever have to take second place.

When Ninety-one entered the Institute, the fellows were, of course, somewhat fresh and wanted to produce as bizarre an effect as possible in the eyes of wondering Worcester. Every freshman class is born with a big head, and our own must have expanded unduly on this occasion, our first field day. We knew that we had the material in the class to give the higher classmen a hard rub.

With this feeling of confidence, and desire to spread ourselves, we made two flags, large enough, when hoisted, to keep the sun off half the park. These flags were raised early in the morning, so that the other classes might see how smart we were. Well, someone wanted those flags more than we did and when the hour for the sports arrived, our heroes were obliged to fight without their colors flying. To this outrage we shall always lay the fact that we had to take second place that day. But in spite of taking second place, we placed to our credit six first prizes and several seconds, which was something very remarkable for a Prep class to do, and something which was never done before in the history of the Institute.

At this meeting, our champion, Harry L. Dadmun, took five first prizes and took the breath of the upper classmen away at the same time. Every time he came to the scratch he was a winner, and it was growing decidedly monotonous for the other men. Bradford took the other first in that sport which he monopolizes, the walk.

Another of our promising athletes at that time, who now is numbered among our missing, and for whom we grieve deeply, was our bicyclist "Mettie." He captured two seconds and showed that with practice and training he would make a man we could be proud to have on the track.

After this field meeting the athletic fever ran high in our class, and every one laid plans to capture several first prizes at the fall field meeting, but they were to be disappointed. The higher classes, seeing that at the next sports they would be out of it altogether, conspired against us, and at the meeting of the Athletic Association they made a motion that the regular fall sports be omitted. This motion raised the hottest debate that was ever heard in the chapel of Boynton Hall, but to no avail as far as we were concerned, for the kickers outnumbered us, and we had no field day. This was a great disappointment to us, as we were in condition to capture ninety per cent. of the prizes, and break several records.

The next spring we came out at the top, although we had, for some unaccountable reason, lost some of our most valuable men at the semi-annuals. We also gained a few good men who joined us in the fall, the most prominent being Taylor. We didn't have our most valuable man in the field that day though, for he had taken it into his head to be a wrestler and had tackled one of our heavy weights, who, of course, threw him and broke his collar-bone. This was a great blow, not only to the collar-bone but to the Institute as well, since the Inter-Collegiate Sports were coming in a few days and this "break" would keep our only hope from running and spoil our chance for any place at the big spring games.

The next fall we again came out victorious, and in one or two cross country runs we were the winners. The following year, the same thing was repeated and we had some good men for the N. E. I. A. A. games, but our bad luck followed us, and the track was spoiled by the rain, and made so heavy that our light weights could not run, where the strong, heavy men from the other colleges did not mind the mud.

Up to this time in our course, Harry L. Dadmun has carried off most of the plums, but he now gives Ninety-one the honor of possessing in her ranks a champion of the United States. Some time since, Dadmun was elected a member of the Manhattan Athletic Club of New York, in itself a great honor, as its athletes are men of national reputation. Dadmun was sent by the Manhattan Athletic Club to Washington to run the half mile in the championship games which are held annually in some large city. He went without any expectation of getting a place, but with a determination to do his best, and was repaid by winning in the remarkable time of 1 minute, 59 $\frac{1}{5}$  seconds. On the day of his return, Boynton Hall and the Salisbury "Labs" resounded as they never did before, with cheer after cheer for our champion.

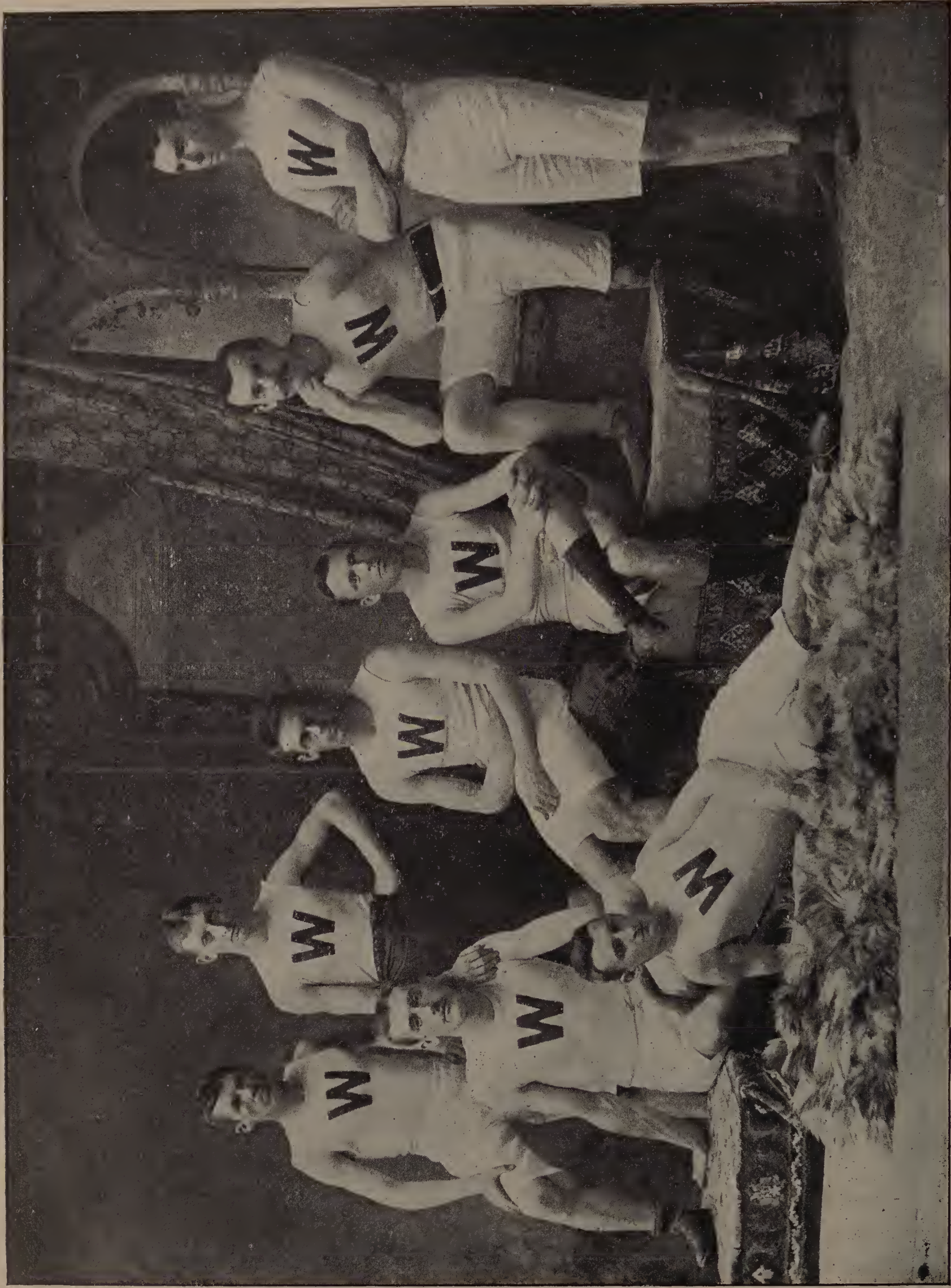
Some of our other men, too, have done good work in athletics outside of school. Taylor and Dadmun have won races in Boston and in local athletic meetings, and some good team work has been done, in which Ninety-one men have been the lights.

This year's spring field meeting and the N. E. I. A. A. games complete our athletic history. In our own field day, the old story was repeated,—Ninety-one leading the other classes without half trying. In the Inter-collegiate games this year at Springfield, Dadmun and Taylor redeemed themselves, winning first and second respectively in the half mile run, both smashing the record.

Our existence as a class has almost come to an end, but on looking back at the past from an athletic point of view, it has been a glorious career. We leave nine records behind us and some of them will probably last for a good many years to come.







INTERCOLLEGIATE ATHLETIC TEAM—SEASON OF 1891.

GALLAGHER, '94.

BALLARD, '93.

DADMUN, '91.

SMITH, '92.

FISH, '92.

TAYLOR, '91.

DUNBAR, '91.

BRADFORD, '91.







# Comparison of

Event.	Polytechnic Record.	Holder.	When Made.	N. E. I. A. A. Record.	Holder.
100 Yards Run	10 1-5 seconds	H. L. Dadmun '91	October 4, 1890	10 2-5 seconds	F. Raley
880 Yards Run	1 minute 59 1-5 seconds	H. L. Dadmun '91	October 11, 1890	2 minutes 1 2-5 seconds	H. L. Dadmun
120 Yards Hurdle	18 2-5 seconds	H. L. Dadmun '91	October 12, 1889	17 1-2 seconds	R. B. Ludington
Pole Vault	9 feet 6 inches	A. T. Marshall '89	May 24, 1888	9 feet 7 inches	S. D. Warriner
220 Yards Run	23 1-2 seconds	H. L. Dadmun '91	October 20, 1888	23 3-5 seconds	E. Williams
Two Mile Bicycle	6 minutes 51 seconds	L. H. Harriman '89	May 24, 1888	6 minutes 51 seconds	F. A. Delabarre
Mile Run	4 minutes 48 seconds	H. L. Dadmun '92	October 6, 1890	4 minutes 35 4-5 seconds	C. O. Wells
Throwing 16lb. Hammer	72 feet 6 inches	G. E. Camp '88	May 24, 1888	83 feet 10 inches	N. T. Abbott
440 Yards Run	51 seconds	H. L. Dadmun '91	October 4, 1890	52 1-2 seconds	F. E. Rowe
Standing High Jump	4 feet 9 inches	E. H. Fish '92	May 21, 1890	5 feet 1 1-2 inches	S. Crook
220 Yards Hurdle	28 4-5 seconds	H. L. Dadmun '91	October 4, 1890	28 seconds	H. C. Ide
Mile Walk	8 minutes 4 4-5 seconds	J. H. Devlin '90	May 10, 1890	7 minutes 22 seconds	W. W. Gregg
Running High Jump	5 feet 2 1-2 inches	E. H. Fish '92	May 10, 1890	5 feet 6 inches	A. W. Amadon
Putting 16 lb. Shot	31 feet 5 1-2 inches	E. J. Lake '90	May 11, 1889	35 feet 3 inches	W. H. Houghton
Standing Broad Jump	10 feet 4 inches	C. W. Chadwick '88	October 8, 1887	10 feet 5 7-8 inches	S. Crook
Running Broad Jump	21 feet 2 inches	W. B. Jewett '88	October 8, 1887	20 feet 3 inches	C. S. Humphreys
Two Mile Run	10 minutes 36 seconds	H. L. Dadmun '91	May 21, 1891	10 minutes 23 3 5 seconds	C. O. Wells

# College Records.

College.	I. C. A. A. Record.	Holder.	College.	American Record.	Holder.
Amherst	10 1-5 seconds	H. S. Brooks Jr. C. H. Sherrill.	Yale Yale	9 4-5 seconds	J. Owen, Jr.
Polytechnic Institute	1 minute 57 1-5 seconds	W. C. Dohm	Princeton	1 minute 55 1-4 seconds	W. C. Dohm
Amherst	16 1-5 seconds	H. L. Williams	Yale	16 seconds	H. L. Williams F. T. Ducharme
Amherst	10 feet 7 inches	H. W. Welch E. D. Ryder	Columbia Yale	11 feet 5 inches	H. H. Baxter
Dartmouth	22 1-5 seconds	C. H. Sherrill	Yale	22 seconds	Wendell Baker
Amherst	6 minutes 4-5 seconds	R. H. Davis	Harvard	5 minutes 21 3-5 seconds	W. A. Rowe
Amherst	4 minutes 29 4-5 seconds	C. O. Wells	Amherst	4 minutes 21 2-5 seconds	W. G. George
Dartmouth	98 feet 6 inches	A. B. Coxé	Yale	133 feet 8 inches	J. S. Mitchell
Dartmouth	50 seconds	W. C. Dohm	Princeton	47 3-4 seconds	Wendell Baker
Williams	5 feet 1 1-4 inches	W. Soren	Harvard	5 feet 1 1-2 inches	S. Crook
Dartmouth	25 1-4 seconds	J. P. Lee	Harvard	25 1-4 seconds	J. P. Lee
Amherst	7 minutes 6 4-5 seconds	T. McIlvaine	Columbia	6 minutes 29 3-5 seconds	F. P. Murray
Williams	5 feet 11 3-4 inches	W. B. Page	University of Pennsylvania	6 feet 4 inches	W. B. Page
Amherst	40 feet 9 1-2 inches	A. B. Coxé	Yale	46 feet 2 1-2 inches	G. R. Gray
Williams	10 feet 3 3-8 inches	H. Larkin	Princeton	10 feet 9 3-4 inches	M. W. Ford
Dartmouth	22 feet 6 inches	T. G. Shearman	Yale	23 feet 3 1-8 inches	A. F. Copland
Amherst	11 minutes 18 1-2 seconds	D. E. Bowie	McGill	9 minutes 32 3-5 seconds	W. D. Day

# Individual Records in \*

## \* General Athletics.

	FIRSTS.	SECONDS.	TOTAL.	RECORDS BROKEN.
Dadmun.....	18.....	3.....	21.....	12
Taylor.....	14.....	5.....	19.....	2
Booth.....	3.....	7.....	10	
Bradford.....	3.....	3.....	6.....	2
Dunbar.....	3.....	2.....	5	
Stearns.....	1.....	6.....	7.....	1
Davis.....	1.....	3.....	4	
Armstrong.....	1.....	3.....	4	
Perham.....	1.....		1	
Kinsley.....		1.....	1	
Whittaker.....		1.....	1	

### FORMER MEMBERS.

Dawson.....	2.....	1.....	3	
Metcalf.....		2.....	2	
Fish.....		1.....	1	
McLane.....		1.....	1	
Allard.....		1.....	1	
	—	—	—	—
	47	40	86	17



The table on the opposite page is a general summing up of the work of the class in track and field athletics. It is made up from records of six field days, two of which were handicap meetings. A full course of a class in the Institute includes seven meetings, but the meeting in the fall of our Junior year, was omitted for, then, obvious reasons. As it now stands the record is the grandest in the history of the Institute and were it the full record of the class in seven field days, all being scratch meetings, it would be nearly double what it is now. Our excellence in general athletics is unprecedented and it is in this department of sport that our prowess lies. We have won more prizes and broken more records than any other class ever in the Institute, and while we refer with especial emphasis to this part of our work we feel that we are perfectly justified in so doing. Our record has indeed been a glorious one. May it be only the beginning of a new era in Tech athletics.

## Ballad of "De Tattooed Dorg."

---

'Twas on the 26th of March, just spent,  
A well fed, well bred dorg did visit school ;  
He was a gamey beast, with self content ;  
His tail alone would bring ten cents the spool.  
His glossy coat, his ragged jaw's extent  
Bespoke a canine reared in luxury's couch.  
He would not give his name nor his descent,  
But only said "you see, I am no slouch."

The office first he sought, as if his eyes  
Were bent on taking in our finest sight.  
He made his bow, exclaimed, "Ah there, my size?"  
But at the kind "Good morning" turned in flight.  
'Twixt you and me he showed that he was wise,  
Thus to escape a "chin" on "rocks," perchance—  
All out of breath, in "Gladdy's" room he sighs  
"The coat don't make the dog—it is the *pants*!"

Alas, he jumped from stew-pan into fire,  
When he did seek an office call to cut—  
A den of fiends with no ambition higher—  
Of a most cruel joke he was the butt.  
Soon was the purp surrounded by a mob,  
Who heeded not the instructor's warning cry,  
But tattooed on his back with inky swab,  
This most artistic legend "W P I."

Oh, vicious boys, to fresco thus a thing,  
That erstwhile sought a "doctoring" to evade.  
And then to take him into choir to sing !  
Methinks that boys for better things were made.  
But rescue came,—the dog, too fat to run,  
Was so completely stunned by singing tough,  
They dragged him out to bleach beneath the sun,  
And at last accounts he was seen ambling  
sadly home in the sougning night by the  
back way to avoid the crowd, and of the  
Tech he says he's had enough.

*W P I.*

## Two Puritans.

---

“Beth,” he murmured, fondly glancing  
At the maiden, fair to see,  
“Since you came, you’ve not been dancing ;  
What, then, can the reason be ?  
Hear that music—how entrancing !  
Come and try this waltz with me.”

Quoth the maiden, fair as morning,  
(Eyes like sapphires, teeth like pearls) :  
“ Ah, Papa has given warning ;  
He dislikes these social whirls ;  
So the back-ground I’m adorning,—  
For I only dance with girls.”

When was ever Tech mechanic  
Routed by rebuff like this ?  
Did his senses suffer panic ?  
No ; he could not lose such bliss !  
Just for notions Puritanic,  
Such a waltz he must not miss.

So he said : “ We’re quite agreed, dear ;  
(What a glance on her he threw !)  
Surely, there’s no further need, dear,  
That we keep from dancing, too ;  
I, myself, you’ll find, indeed, dear,  
Dance with none but girls—like you ! ”





John J. Wilez

# John Hurley.

---

My life is in the sear and yellow leaf?

Not yet!

Will I postpone the nursings of my grief?

You bet!

Though I've been relegated to the shop,

I still can make the bark on castings hop,

And while I live each day I'll raise a crop

Of cold, wet sweat.

*W P I.*

PROBABLY no one who at any time has considered himself a member of the Tech, needs an introduction to the portrait on the opposite page. Any one who knows about the Institute or who has had any sort of a career at the W P I knows John, and John knows this man, having come here with the first class that entered Boynton Hall and having been here with every succeeding class.

If you would like a complete history of the Institute and of the classes from '71 to '91, ask John. If you would like to know the power that, in the darkness of the night and when all doors were locked, sent the goat of '74 into President Thompson's pulpit, or the horse of '84 into chapel, or by what power they were persuaded to descend those three flights of helical stairs, ask the gentleman who, for a score of years, has had charge of this same chapel and these three flights of helical stairs. Or if you wish to hear of more modern times, ask John to tell you, if he will, about the birds, that, in their own quiet way, disintegrated the superintendent's buggy, and lodged the parts thereof in

the trees and upon the goal-posts. After the class of '91 has received its coveted emancipation papers, perhaps our humble friend may be still more modern, and tell investigating minds about the calorific spontaneity of elevator crates, or about the "*Horse* of '91," which for a whole year, in the German province of the sanctum, did such noble work in the crusade against the Haynous-Eppie-Baldonian oligarchy. Verily, John is a man of knowledge. He, of course, is not a perpetrator of evil deeds himself, nor has he communication with the spirits of either world to enable him to fathom these black mysteries, or to understand the whys and wherefores of various phenomena which come to his observation. He has, however, the confidence and respect of the students, and when he asks how and why this or that came to pass, he is more than liable to find out.

If our venerable janitor of threescore years and two has never sat in the Faculty meeting it is not because he has never been honored with the privilege, but because his sense of honor and self-respect would not permit it. Unlike many people, he has the great virtue of knowing when and when not to talk, and one might as well try to induce an iceberg to burn, as to induce our old janitor to tell anything which in his judgment ought not to be told, and he has had many opportune times to prove that his judgment is pretty sound at critical occasions.

Though a hard and faithful worker, John does not count his salary in thousands, but he has some perquisites and prerogatives, which, with his limited income, make him feel that in spite of all his misfortunes, he has still a foot-hold upon this slippery planet. When the time shall come for him to shift his residence to another world, we commend him to the angel at the gate and pray that he be given a soft snap in the garden of ease and plenty.





# Her Father.

---

It's an awful situation  
Driving me to desperation,  
    (O the bother !)  
He is standing in my path there  
Like the giant old of Gath there,  
    It's *her* father.

And he swears that he will eat me  
If he ever chance to meet me  
    (Might to-morrer !)  
With his only daughter walking  
Or so much as even talking—  
    What a horror !

Though I fear for his digestion  
His intentions I would question  
    Not a bit,  
For I know whate'er he swears to,  
That he means to do and dares to  
    Every whit.

He is six feet tall or taller  
I'm so many inches smaller,  
    Quite a dot ;  
When I think how great his size is,  
And my hair with terror rises  
    At the thought.

Shall I join the fell Mafia  
And with " diazo " blow him higher  
    Than a kite ?  
Or, by forbearance for his daughter,  
Keep myself from thoughts of slaughter  
    *And " out of sight."*

# Familiar Quotations.

---

Mornin' all.	H. T. F.
Check.	CIVILS.
He's a tripe.	E. W. D.
Gad ! Don't you know Rastus ?	H-P-K-NS.
You ugly whelp.	B-DG-R.
How's that, Walls ?	M. P H.
Keep one hand in your pocket and don't touch anything with the other.	A. S. K.
No, sir, that's it, yes, sir.	P-W-R.
Everything going all right ?	L. P. K.
No. 44.	EVERYBODY.
Exactness is the soul of scholarship.	U. W. C.
Think you could sit on that upper joint and push that load away with a rope ?	G. I. A.
Soap—soap, soap—soap, soap, soap—Staples.	CHORUS.
Attention, attention, atten—er—who threw that block ?	G. E. G.
Well now, here's the bull frog and the red rag again.	J. E. S.
We learn by our mistakes.	G. D. M.
Take notes, T-yl-r !	E. P. S.
Well, I don't know what I can do for you !	J. E. S.
Excuse the expression, gentlemen, but it simply stinks.	G. D. M.

The

OPPI.



Vol. VI.

Monday, December 15, 1890.

No. 7.

## CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
Editorials.....	101	Answer to "Base Ball Crank "	115
Funeral Services of Foot Ball	106	Marks .....	120
The Excuse Book.....	107	Club Notes.....	126
Protest from a Civil.....	107	"Who Threw the Soap?"...	128
The Chemists' Kick Successful	108	Those "Golden Sneakers"..	129
The Preps.....	109	College Notes.....	130
The Fate of the Washstand.	112	Technicalities.....	130

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# THE W P I

VOL. VI.

WORCESTER, DECEMBER 15, 1890.

No. 7.

## THE W P I.

Published on the 15th of each Month, during the School Year, and devoted to the interests of the Worcester Polytechnic Institute.

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A short time since, our peace of mind was disturbed by learning, indirectly, that one of the Faculty was inclined to feel abused by a somewhat personal article that appeared in the last number of the W P I. Throwing aside our own humiliation at having what we considered a clever effort meet with such indifferent success, we will say that we are really sorry if anyone saw in the article anything that would bring our respect for the Faculty into question. We won't promise never again to joke at the expense of the Faculty, because the local field is too rich, and we should break our promise in the next issue if we saw the ghost of a chance. However, we will in future make a supreme effort to publish nothing that could possibly be twisted into the suggestion of a malicious motive on our part.

If what follows in these columns concerning Ninety-one's recent entanglement with an abandoned wash-stand and some pension-worthy elevator crates, and the uncalled-for uproar made over the same, shall be deemed out of place by any of our readers, the blame must be laid to faulty judgment on our part, rather than to unkindly intent. There is no question about the uproar, and we say "uncalled-for" advisedly, since the sentiments generally expressed about the late fiasco, abundantly bear us out in the use of the expression.

Now it is our honest opinion that a great mistake is made and a school is done an injury, when a trifling, harmless bonfire, off the school grounds, and as early as six o'clock in the evening, is made to appear such a flagrant breach of discipline and such a frightful calamity generally. It would be hard to see what advantage has been gained, by allowing that little blaze to assume a dignity sufficient to cause two investigations, only to flat out into an apology to the class, and a contest with the *Telegram* over the correctness of the reports of the affair, as published in the daily papers.

Whether rightly or wrongly, we are under the impression that neither students nor those high in authority at the Institute, receive the respectful consideration that is their due, and if we are biting off our own noses in theorizing about the present state of things,—so be it.

Every good boy, who is still not quite good enough to die at the age required in

# To My Rival.

---

You know that window ; so do I.

Alas, why is it,  
That when I pass, I catch no eye  
Behind the glass ; nor any sigh  
Her heart doth visit ?

But when your step sounds on the pave,  
She comes—she knew it !  
She knows your hour ; the smile she gave  
Should have the power to make you brave ;  
She hopes *'twill* do it.

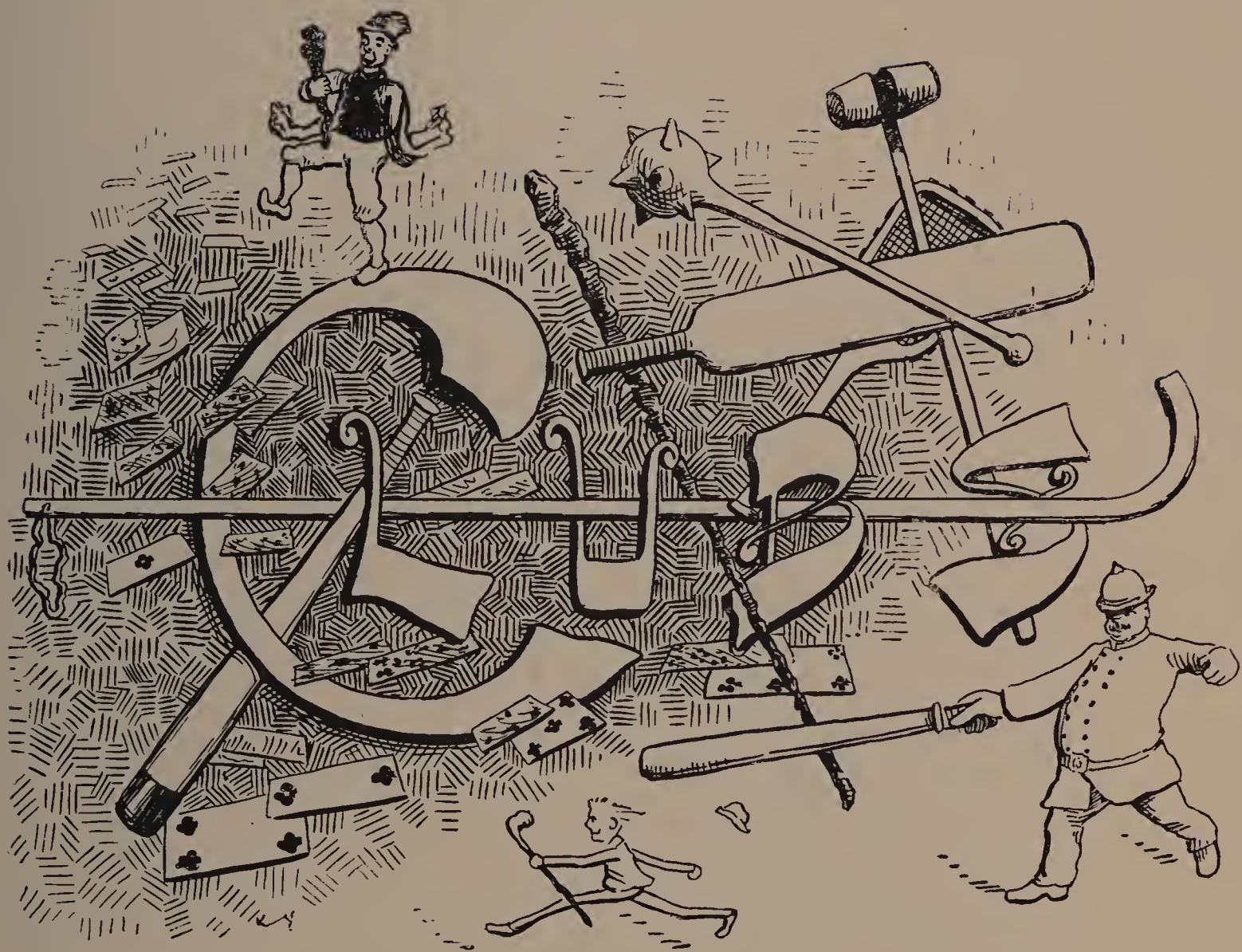
Alas ! those eyes misled me, too.  
Fate has been cruel ;  
But oh, old friend, can this be true ?  
Ah, could I send my card to you,  
And seek a duel ?

Not that ; how foolish that would be.  
We both are sager.  
I know the worst ; she said to me :  
“ *He* still is first.” That chilled my plea ;  
*'Twould yours*, I'll wager.

So why should we resort to war ?  
Let us commingle  
Our tears, instead ; we're friends of yore ;  
O'er vanished dreams let's join once more  
In this poor jingle.

Fill up the glasses ; here's to her !  
Sad to discover,  
Her gentle heart *I* could not stir ;  
She liked *you*, but she'd still prefer  
That soldier lover !







---

### Officers.

NATHAN HEARD, '93,	. . . . .	<i>President.</i>
GEORGE W. BISHOP, '93,	. . . . .	<i>Vice-President.</i>
LOUIS C. SMITH, '92,	. . . . .	<i>Treasurer.</i>
ALFRED D. FLINN, '93,	. . . . .	<i>Corresponding Secretary.</i>
THEO. E. BRAYTON, '92,	. . . . .	<i>Recording Secretary.</i>

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It is a matter of especial difficulty to carry on a Y. M. C. A. in a school. Even literary societies and fraternities cannot live ; but, as a reward for the earnest efforts of its leaders, the Tech Association is one of the largest societies of the Institute.

It numbers nearly one hundred members, and handles during the year half a hundred dollars. Weekly meetings are held, led by either a student or some member of the Faculty. The chapel organ of venerable fame has been bequeathed it, and is quite an addition.

The receptions tendered by it to the members of the incoming class of each year, are green spots in our memories of entrance time.

# The Tech Elect.

Founded Spring of 1890.

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## Officers.

DAVID F. ATKINS, '91, . . . . . *President.*  
BRADFORD A. GIBSON, '91, . . . . . *Vice-President.*  
WM. H. RAMSDELL, '91, . . . . . *Secretary and Treasurer.*

## Executive Committee.

Prof. ALONZO S. KIMBALL,                      DAVID F. ATKINS, '91,  
BRADFORD A. GIBSON, '91,                      WM. H. RAMSDELL, '91.

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In the spring of 1890, Professor Kimball suggested to certain members of the class of '91, then in their Middle year, that a club for reviewing and discussing electrical literature would be a valuable thing for the class. Acting on this suggestion in class meeting some weeks later, a committee of three was appointed to confer with Professor Kimball about the propriety of drafting a constitution. The organization was completed but it was thought best, from the lateness of the school year, to postpone active work till the opening of the present year.

The regular work taken up is of the nature of reviews and abstracts from the current electrical literature. Members being assigned to various periodicals each month, lectures by the Professor and by electrical experts from stations are in order.

Special attention has been given during the year to "Electro Magnets" by Sir William Thompson, and to storage batteries and storage systems. Meetings alternate Monday nights.



# The Tech Camera Club,

Founded Sept. 28, 1890.

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## Officers.

HARRY SINCLAIR, '93,	. . . . .	<i>President.</i>
CHAS. A. DAVIS, '91,	. . . . .	<i>Vice-President.</i>
HOWARD W. BRACKEN, '92,	. . . . .	<i>Secretary.</i>
ARTHUR H. SMITH, '92,	. . . . .	<i>Treasurer.</i>
GEO. F. FREED, '92,	. . . . .	<i>Keeper.</i>

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So far as known the Tech Camera Club enjoys the distinction of being the first club in the Institute to meet the unqualified approval of the Faculty.

Dr. Smith in the fall, asked of the Senior class, if all members having cameras and taking pictures would select a number of their pictures and bring them before the class in English as a sort of exercise in exposition and criticism. The exhibit succeeded so well that the boys seized the notion and formed the club. A dark room, storage, and meeting room was granted them in Boynton Hall by the Faculty.

All having an active interest in photography are made eligible to membership.

Exhibitions have been given in '90 and '91, the latter competition awarding prizes and a special prize for best exhibit.

The regular work of the club is discussion of methods and means, exhibitions and outings. The "feature" of the club is the number of cameras made by their owners.

The rank of the club and its work is high among the clubs of the country.

# The Historical Society.

Founded Fall of '91.

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## Officers.

FREDERICK E. HAMMOND, '92, . . . . . *President.*

CHARLES T. TATMAN, '93, . . . . . *Vice-President.*

ELMER H. FISH, '92, . . . . . *Secretary and Treasurer.*

## Executive Committee.

DR. EDWARD P. SMITH,                      FREDERICK E. HAMMOND, '92,  
CHARLES T. TATMAN, '93,                      ELMER H. FISH, '92,  
LOUIS C. SMITH, '92.

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The wide difference between our Institute and schools of the "College" kind is no more markedly shown, perhaps, than by the absence of "Literary Societies" so common and numerous in the colleges. In the January number of the W P I, there appeared an article advocating a literary society of some sort, preferably an historical one.

The idea caught hold and the Historical Society was formed. Its object is the study of history and the best literature of the periods through which the course of the history passes.

The work of this year is "English History" beginning with the Celts. Shakspeare's plays are read in connection. The meetings are held at 4.30 Thursdays.

# Salisbury Sanitary \* \* Engineering Club.

Founded Spring of '91.

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## Officers.

FRANK B. KNIGHT, '92, . . . . . *President.*  
EUGENE L. MUNDIN, '92, . . . . . *Secretary and Treasurer.*

## Committee on Assignments.

DR. LEONARD P. KINNICUTT,                      PROF. GEORGE H. WHITE,  
FRANK B. KNIGHT, '92,                                      ALFRED D. FLINN, '93,  
GEORGE E. PAULL, '93.

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Every Friday afternoon at 4.45, members of the departments of Chemistry, Civil Engineering, and History and Political Science meet in the Salisbury Laboratories to hear and discuss papers and reports on Sanitary engineering and related subjects.

From the importance of the subject and the vigorous action of the men and the members of the Faculty connected, the club bids fair to become a fixity if not even a sub course of the school.

The especial work considered is sewage and sewage disposal. Lectures by men eminently fitted to instruct will be had from time to time, those of the present year are by Dr. Kinnicutt and Dr. Jordan of Clark University. Visits are made to the various disposal works of the country and the subject will be studied in detail during the summer and reported on next year. Members of the courses before mentioned are eligible to membership.



# W P I Alumni Corporation.

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THE Society of the Alumni of the Worcester Polytechnic Institute is at last a corporate body. At the annual meeting two years since (June, 1889), the proposition to incorporate was brought forward and somewhat later the first steps were taken. On May 20th, 1891, the body was formally incorporated with twelve subscribers. These twelve were mostly men of the earlier classes and residents of Worcester or the immediate vicinity.

The officers chosen were of necessity from the twelve original subscribers. They were :

CHAS. D. WASHBURN,	.	.	.	.	.	<i>President.</i>
EDWARD F. TOLMAN,	}					<i>Vice-Presidents.</i>
JOHN C. WOODBURY,						
LOUIS W. SOUTHGATE,						
JOHN F. KYES,	.	.	.	.	.	<i>Secretary.</i>
EDWARD K. HILL,	.	.	.	.	.	<i>Treasurer.</i>

## Executive Committee.

CHAS. D. WASHBURN,	EDW. F. TOLMAN,
JOHN F. KYES,	JOHN C. WOODBURY,
EDW. K. HILL,	J. FRED. WILSON,
LOUIS W. SOUTHGATE.	

The twelve original subscribers at a meeting in June formally elected each graduate a member of the corporation.

The originators of the scheme of corporation had in mind various reasons for their action, among which were: The greater dignity afforded by this form over the simple society; second the constantly increasing number of graduates sent out each year, caused by the expansion of the Institute in all its departments, makes it necessary that this society have a larger and more perfect organization; and third the present funds held in the form of the Thompson Memorial Fund, amounting to nearly \$2,000, and the possibility of greater amounts coming into the hands of the society in the future, makes a corporation necessary that the society may legally hold and appropriate property.

The whole body of graduates will be members as before the change. The meetings will be held as formerly (on the night before graduation each year) and the fees and dues the same.

All that is needed now to give the association the standing it should have is the hearty co-operation of all the graduates.

Men of the Alumni, this is for you, and it is by your efforts that this corporation can become a grand body of good fellows and brothers of the old Tech. Attend its meetings when possible, give it your hearty support at all times and in all ways, and make it a complete success.



## The Game.

---

The last hand played, we cashed our chips,  
    Though each the game was leading ;  
She shook her head, and tapped her lips,  
    While I stood mutely pleading.  
Yes, both had won—a paradox—  
    And neither one was broken,  
But stop we must, for folks have clocks,  
    And ours gave warning 'oken.

Of jack-pots opened she may speak ;  
    I'll hint at heavy raises ;  
And if a flush burns on her cheek,  
    It's one of poker's phases.  
Ah, what a tale it is to tell !  
    You see (Truth will not dim it.)  
A kiss the ante was, and—well,  
    There wasn't any limit !



# One Hour with the Doc.

GEOLOGY.—Instruction in Rocks.

*Enter class.*

*Doc.*—Now take you books, please, and I will give out the lesson for next time. Begin on page 315 and take first 2 lines : omit next page—on 317 take first paragraph : omit next 3 lines, we haven't time for those : read over next ten pages, I have practically told you those—

*Bradford (interrupting).*—Last week you told about the Russian schrimp that changed by evolution in salt and fresh water. Do fresh water fish have scales when they change ?

*Doc.*—No, I think not.

*Bradford.*—Well, I knew some brook trout in Falmouth that smelt the salt air and had scales—

*Doc.*—I never heard of it, but the evolution theory is not wholly developed yet—

*Tracy (interrupting).*—Well, I knew a man who had a fighting cock and his spurs grew longer by breeding.

*Doc.*—That may be—

*Perham.*—I heard of a man who fed his parrot on cheese and he changed to a wharf rat. Could that be so ?

*Doc.*—Um—No, I guess not as great a change as that, but we do have great changes—But let us go on. Take 4 lines on top of—

*Hodgman (interrupting).*—Doctor, why is it that rain falls more on mountains than in valleys ?

*Doc.*—Well, it is colder there and the rain condenses—

*Hodgman.*—Well, I lived on a mountain all last summer and it didn't rain there half as much as it did in the valley.

*Doc.*—Um, well (*brightening up*), is there a river near there ?

*Hodgman.*—Yes, it was in the Connecticut valley.

*Doc.*—Well, you see the warm breezes from the south met the cold breezes from the north right over the river and condensed ; that is easily explained.

*Hodgman.*—Yes, but they do that anywhere.

*Doc.*—Well, the river might have been cold. But let us go on. Take next 3 pages omitting 3 lines at—

*Dunbar (interrupting).*—Doctor, how long are the birds in this era?

*Doc.*—Well they vary from 1 ft. to 18 ft. in length, generally about 10, sometimes longer, more often shorter.

*Dunbar.*—But the book says 25 ft.

*Doc.*—Well, sometimes they vary. Let us go on. I will speak about that later. Now we will take up the lesson. Please, Tracy—How many kinds of sandstone are there?

*Tracy (who is unprepared).*—I think there are two.

*Doc.*—Yes, generally. What are they?

*Tracy (guessing).*—Coarse and fine.

*Doc. (smiling broadly).*—Of course! What are they used for?

*Tracy.*—For building purposes.

*Doc.*—Yes, sometimes. What age did they grow in?

*Tracy.*—Cenozoic.

*Doc.*—No. What do we find in them?

*Tracy.*—Tracks.

*Doc.*—Tracks of what?

*Tracy.*—Birds.

*Doc.*—Yes, and reptiles. Now what age were they formed in?

*Tracy (catching on).*—The Reptilian.

*Doc.*—That's right, the Reptilian or Mesozoic age. The next, please. Taylor, How many classes of reptiles are there?

*Taylor (promptly).*—Forty-eight.

*Doc.*—Yes, forty-eight species, but five classes. What about the early reptiles?

*Taylor.*—They resembled the birds.

*Doc.*—Yes, what about the early birds?

*Class (in an undertone).*—They caught the worm.

*Taylor.*—They resembled the reptiles.

*Doc.*—Yes. When I was in North Carolina—


*Bradford (interrupting).*—How long are stalactites found?

*Doc.*—Well, they vary anywhere from 6 to 100 ft. Generally about 15, sometimes longer, more often about 20 ft.

During the last five minutes the class have been impatiently looking at their watches and the door has opened a dozen times. The Doctor looks at his watch and finds it 12.05, and excuses the class.

# The Tech Landlady.

---

NE of the fellows, a lank, dyspeptic looking chap, said to me one day, "All gall is quartered into three halves, two of which are held by the Faculty and the third by the Tech Landlady." I had just come out of a struggle with a damp slice from the neck of a Chicago dressed beef (deliver us from Chicago if that is their usual mode of dress) and thought he didn't do her justice. But perhaps I was hasty in my conclusions; no doubt I was.

After all, the landlady is not so black as she has been painted. (And not so white, either, as she is on Sunday.) Let us have charity even if it is the only sweet thing on the table. What if she doesn't furnish a hammer and side cutting pliers with the meat, or a can-opener with the biscuit, or a nut-cracker with the beans, you must remember how long she has waited in (wrathful) silence for your last month's board money. She is human—'twere better she were angelic when you come to breakfast at 8.30; but let that pass.

What if she does keep "Boarders Wanted" in the window long after the dining-room is full to overflowing and you have to wait your turn out on the front steps trying to fill your aching void with imagination and a tooth-pick—if you could only get the money to square up, you could take yourself off to the rival boarding-house across the way and be received with open arms.

We shouldn't growl if our landlady, an unmarried female of uncertain summers, should express dissatisfaction with our bringing up; it's only the expression of her unrequited motherly instinct and her deep interest in us, and she may need the recreation.

No, the landlady is a physical necessity,—by her we live and move and have our being. Let us think kindly of her and in going, bequeath her our old jokes, our doctor's-bills and our Prep friends. Long live the Tech landlady.



## My Anna.

---

'Twas early in my Middle year,  
I fell in love with Anna,  
Attracted by her graceful curves,  
I joined the crowd that ran her.

Such lines, such curves in mortal girl  
I ne'er had found before,  
In rapture then, night after night  
I fondly looked them o'er.

But when one day I did not go  
To see my lovely charmer,  
I did not know or even think  
My absence would alarm her.

Next day I thought she would forgive—  
But no ! that could not be so.  
With an injured maiden's pent up wrath,  
My Anna—lyt on me, though.

And so it happened after that,  
When I neglected Anna,  
She'd surely have revenge on me  
In some outrageous manner.

In choosing girls e'er after that  
My look was always critical—  
Not once since have I been deceived,  
By a figure analytical.

Report of Society for the Preservation of Equal Rights.

CHAPEL ATTENDANCE.

THE FACULTY.	APRIL.														MAY.														Total	Per Cent.
	13	14	15	16	17	20	21	22	23	24	27	28	29	30	1	4	5	6	7	8	11	12	13	14	15					
Homer T. Fuller.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	24	93			
George I. Alden.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0			
George E. Gladwin..	0	0	0	1	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	12			
Milton P. Higgins...	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0			
John E. Sinclair.....	0	0	1	1	0	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	1	0	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	8	32			
Alonzo S. Kimball...	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0			
Edward P. Smith....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0			
Thomas E. N. Eaton.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	1	½	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2½	10			
U. Waldo Cutler.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0			
Leonard P. Kinnicutt	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0			
George H. White.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0			
George D. Moore.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0			

\* See Attendance, Catalogue for '91, page 49.

Attest:

HARRISON P. EDDY,  
HERBERT A. WARREN,

{  
For the Society.

# Thesis and Thesis Drawing.

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## Civil Engineering.

NAME.	THESIS.	THESIS DRAWING.
GEORGE W. BOOTH,	Permeability of Cement.	Sergeant's Air Compressor.
BRADFORD A. GIBSON,	Investigation of the Stability of the Bear Valley Dam.	An automatic Inclined Stock Hoist.
EDWIN S. PHELPS,	Metallic Railroad Ties.	Oscillating Engine.
EDMUND P. POWER,	Crushing Strength of Bricks.	Locomotive.
EDWIN A. TAYLOR,	The New Haven Water Company's Reservoir.	Gate House, 130 St., N. Y.
HERBERT A. WARREN,	The Effect of Sugar in Cement.	Triple Expansion Engine.
JOHN A. WHITTAKER,	Flow of Water over Weirs.	Road Machine.

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## Mechanical Engineering.

GERALD ALLEY,	Load for the Maximum Efficiency for the Alden Compound Engine.	Electric Motor Truck.
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NAME.	THESIS.	THESIS DRAWING.
ALBERT H. ARMSTRONG,	Installation of Steam and Electric Plant.	Compound Engine.
DAVID ATKINS,	Duplex Pump.	Duplex Pump.
FRANCIS E. BRADFORD,	Design and Construction of Apparatus for the Collection of Flue Gases.	Marine Engine.
HARRY L. DADMUN,	Tests of Tensile Strength of Iron and Mixtures.	Section of Headstock of Engine Lathe.
CHARLES H. DAVIS,	Indicator Practice and Designing of Reducing Motions for Triple Expansion Engine.	Twist Drill Grinder.
CHARLES H. DUNBAR,	Efficiencies of Surface Condenser.	Wheeler Condenser with Pumps.
NORMAN V. FITTS,	Rotary Meter and Oval Gearing.	Rotary Meter.
HOWARD B. FOSTER,	Belt Testing.	Steel Tire Mill.
FRED C. HODGMAN,	Steam Loop.	Korting Condenser.
HENRY E. KIMBALL,	The Determination of Most Efficient pressure for the Alden Compound Engine.	Hydraulic Crane.
SUMNER A. KINSLEY,	Mechanical Processes in Modern Illustration.	Friction Gears and Frame.
ALEXANDER D. LUNT,	The Determination of Most Efficient Pressure for Alden Compound Engine.	Alden Engine.
JAMES C. PERHAM,	The Thermal Resistance of Brass Tubing.	Knuckle Jointed Press.

NAME.	THESIS.	THESIS DRAWING.
WILLIAM H. RAMSDELL,	Test of Gas Engine.	Upright Drilling Machine.
ARTHUR L. RICE,	The Effect of Compression on the Friction of Crank Shaft of Compound Engine.	Ætna Balance Valve.
HERBERT J. SOMERSET,	Load for the Maximum Efficiency for the Alden Engine.	Westinghouse Air Brake.
CHARLES H. STEARNS,	Effect of Steam Jacketing.	Water wheel.
JOSEPH P. TAYLOR,	Pemberthy Injector.	Pemberthy Injector.
H. HOMER TRACY,	Steam Radiator as Applied to the Compound Engine.	A Worthington Pumping Engine.

### Chemistry.\*

FRED A. BIGELOW,	Physical Tests and Chemical Examination of Georgia, Lee and Rutland Marbles.
GEORGE E. BARTON,	Analysis of Commercial Aluminium.
WILLIAM H. BAIRD,	Determination of Glucose by Fehling's Solution in Presence of Potassium-ferro-cyanide.
HARRISON P. EDDY,	Chemical Examination of Worcester's Sewage Sludge.
DANIEL F. O'REGAN,	Determination of the Impurities in Copper which affect its conductivity.
JOHN F. ROGERS,	Examination of Fire Clays from New Jersey and Massachusetts

\* Chemists not required to make Thesis Drawings.





# Sounds of a Summer Night.

A TECH IDYL.

---

THE straggling moonbeams lit the hill;  
The tumbling clouds in billows rolled,  
And dashed their shadows here and there—  
“I tell you I ain’t cold.”

A little star peeped in and out  
From a curtain of the deepest blue,  
A roguish twinkle in his eye,—  
“I’ll slap you if you do.”

A love-sick cricket in the grass  
Sang to his love, whose heart was cold,  
A plaintive mournful melody :  
“I think you Techs are awful bold.”

Gentle zephyrs from the South  
Kissed the young pines in quiet play,  
And tossed their branches as they passed—  
“Now what would your mother say.”

Bright dew-drops glittered in the grass;  
A flood of light like silver hair,  
Crowned the head of the huge old oak.  
“Well, if you must have it,—THERE !”

With the distant city’s mellowed sounds  
Mingles the tones of a lover’s lute—  
And dies away on the breeze’s sigh :  
“They’re onto us up there—let’s scoot !”

The clouds roll on, the breezes play;  
The moon flings down her flood of yellow,  
Flecking the earth with gold—“I’ll bet  
A quarter, Trace, I know that fellow.”  
“It’s Dan !”

# Cremation of "Polly Con."

---

“**W**HAT a great matter a little *fire* kindleth!!!”  
Who was the first man to say “Cre.nate”?

That’s a secret that even the fellow himself will never find out perhaps, but in twenty-four hours after he said it, it was in everybody’s mouth. “When?” “Some Friday Night.” “Where?” “Anywhere.” “Who’ll do it?” “91.” “What’ll the Faculty say?” “Don’t give a *Hurraw*.”

How we thought we had everything cooked up for a “buster” *next* Friday night, when the sad news of the death of Mr. Moen made it necessary to postpone.

Didn’t the fellows grin though during the next week, when the Doc announced about twice as many class meetings as usual.

What a dignity the Middlers displayed when asked to join. What did we want, they asked, “Going to have a scrap with ’93, and want us to help you?” Nary—just fun. And the president of ’93, he was mad as a wet hen when he thought that his class had not been invited. How he grinned when the mistake was explained. And the “Preps,” why you couldn’t get within six feet of some of them—anticipation stuck out all over like quills on a hedgehog. (Nothing implied.)

There was an extra large smile on the Institute face as a whole, when Doc announced that the afternoon of Friday, May 7, could be taken for the Tech-Harvard game. And “there was gathering in hot haste” that afternoon. What rivers of perspiration, what scratching of pates for ideas, what strains of Hecktograph ink from the copying of those ideas! How the truckman labored and recited poetry under his breath, as he pulled the torches out of a barrel up in “Hurd’s” stables, and then scraped the black off himself upon the fence! It was worth a

farm in *Indiana* to hear the little "muckers" on the street, after they knew that something was in the wind. "Hey! there Jimmy! See that feller, that un wid a box? He's a Tech. I seed a pile uv 'em las' night wid stoveys sneakin' home wid 'em. 'They's goin' to have a time ter night. Ye jis want ter be around."

Shades of Monus! What a motley gang gathered under the goal posts that night at "nine sharp!"

"Hark! Hark! the dogs do bark,  
The beggars are coming to town,  
Some in rags, some in tags,  
And "'92 in night shirts!"

Hats! Why if the artists of Puck had been on the ground they would never have drawn a "Grandpa's" hat again. A sight to behold, did you say? Why the cops who represented the "Dignity of the City" on the occasion, had to hold each other to keep from running away.

Then came the "Marshalling" of the clans. The leader with a horn he couldn't toot, two kids with torches, the band, four pieces and a coon. Poor Polly, seated in the funeral van with its sable driver, four armed guards, two hangmen robed in black, '91 as chief mourners, '92 with their music of melancholy, '93 with "Marshal" and—'94. Then to the tune of, "The Girl I Left Behind Me," we stepped forth to conquer.

What an unlucky thing it was for Dr. K—that his dog had to be taken back home that night. Otherwise he wouldn't have seen the show!

Great was the surprise of most of the fellows when we swung down on to Main Street at a pace that almost paralyzed the band.

Here Barton got the egg.

Down Maine, through Harvard, and *then down Boynton*, and here we trod on the tail of Rome till she howled.

Around West and up into the field we go, where the wood and tar-barrels lie patiently waiting our arrival.

A ring is formed, a jury consisting of a Jap, a Don Cossack, a South African, and a greaser, is empaneled, and his honor, the Royal Giblets Joblots, proceeds to try poor Miss Polly Con for alienating the affections of the class of '91, from Miss Mechanics, Miss Chemistry *et al.*



On the evidence of J. G. Y. Gun (full name Johnny Get Your G—) and of H. S. Home (full name Home Sweet Home), the jury find Polly guilty as set forth. They also plead in extenuation that she has been aided and abetted by her father Eppy Con. But the judge declares the crime too heinous for clemency and condemns her to be hung by the heels till dizzy and then incinerated. The condemned is placed upon the funeral pyre, and the oil soaked in.

Amid the shrieks and groans of the victim, and painted like demons by the lurid glare that shot up to heaven, a selected choir of the “Chief Mourners” renders the “Dirge” to the classic tune of Yankee Doodle Andanty Variationies.

DIRGE.

Come all ye friends and join with me  
And help me mourn for Polly.  
For she was sired by E-p-e  
Which was her greatest folly.

Chorus.

Boo-hoo Polly, fare thee well,  
Though it our heart-strings smashes  
To burn so young a dam-osel—  
We’ve sworn you most to ashes.

In youth she was a handsome lass  
And ’twere not for her “Pappy”  
Such things would not have come to pass  
Of which we’d be most happy.

Cho.

This heavy load of sorrow discharged, the welkin is made to ring  
with the Docsology (spirited).

Bring the old tar-barrel, boys, we’ll have another song,  
Sing it with a chorus that will move the Profs along.  
Sing it as we ought to sing it full two hundred strong,  
As we go marching through Boynton.

Chorus.

Hurrah ! Hurrah ! we'll bring the kerosene.

Hurrah ! Hurrah ! the kindling won't be green.  
And so we'll shout the chorus now as we march between,  
The Profs and the Tech here on Boynton.

O ! how the Profs. will wonder when they hear the joyful sound,  
And how a pair of sneakers will go skipping o'er the ground.  
And how they'd roast the leaders if they only could be found,  
As we go marching through Boynton.

Cho.

O ! how they'd like to pull us if they'd only get the chance,  
O ! how they'd pay the fiddler could they only make us dance,  
O ! how they'd like to take us by the slack end of the pants,  
As we go marching through Boynton.

Cho.

The Preps now display their courage with the "jag." One by one the boys drop off home or to the night lunch carts, the "jag" is taken off in the funeral van, the fire goes down, and five or six fellows stay to take care of the torches, watch the last ember out and dismiss the cops. O ! it was a glorious time.

The Faculty showed great discretion in giving the passions of all concerned, time to cool, and no doubt discussing the matter from every point of view. The result of their cogitations, announced a week or two later, was that nothing further would be done in the matter, and a carefully directed letter was given to each student containing the amendment to the time-honored rule in the catalogue concerning order.

#### SUPPLEMENTARY REGULATIONS.

VIII. The attention of the students is hereby called to the following simple, general rule regarding order, inserted in the catalogue.

"Students are expected at all times to demean themselves in a quiet and gentlemanly manner." This rule is understood to prohibit, besides

other things, ungentlemanly or noisy parades and demonstrations on the grounds of the Institute or on the streets of the city, and bon-fires either on the grounds of the Institute, or elsewhere within ten rods of any building, as prescribed by law. (See General Statutes of Mass., Chap. 206, Sect. 12.)

---

In Chapel—10:47 A. M.

(with one division lacking)

Little Doc F. has lost his sheep,  
He don't know where to find them.  
Ah ! here they come from Eppie's room—  
As ever his tale's behind time.



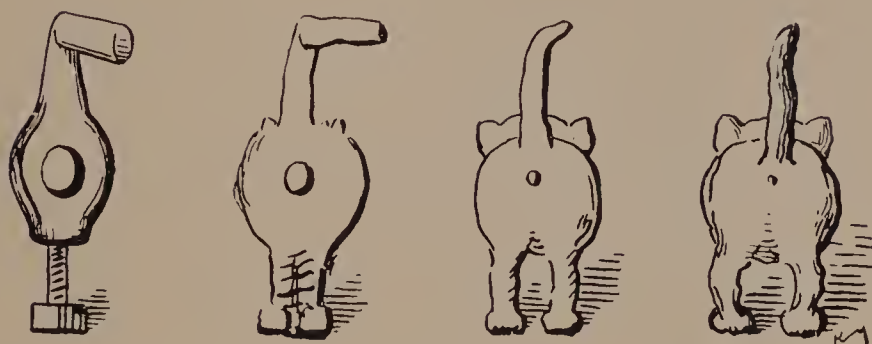




*The Business Manager Starts for Canada*



THE DARWINIAN THEORY APPLIED  
TO THE DORG.



Finis.



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Mein frents, our quality vas vine,  
Der prices on der bottom rock —  
Oaf you dont zee vat you vant, shoost  
shbeak  
Ve've got em in der shtock.



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To Editorial Boards.

To Managing Editors.

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had experience with the above-mentioned BUREAU.



# INDEX.

---

W. H. Lytle & Co.....	2	L. M. Alexander.....	16
Morgan Spring Co.....	2	Blake, Boutwell & Co.....	17
Morgan Construction Co.....	2	Boston Photogravure Co.....	17
Gould & Eberhardt.....	3	W. H. Willard & Co.....	18
Wyman & Gordon.....	4	Lincoln House.....	18
Davis & Co.....	4	Sanford & Co.....	18
Smith & Adams.....	4	F. W. Johnson.....	18
Thomson-Houston Electric Co.....	5	Fox Machine Co.....	19
Theo. Alteneder & Sons.....	6	W. H. Jourdan.....	19
Prespey Pero.....	6	Geo. E. Fairbanks.....	19
Flodin & Thyberg.....	6	E. S. Greely & Co.....	20
Nicholson File Co.....	7	Henry E. Dean.....	20
R. D. Wood & Co.....	7	O. A. Jenkins & Co.....	20
Vacuum Oil Co.....	8	F. H. Rice.....	20
Powell Planer Co.....	8	J. C. Spiers & Co.....	21
Bigelow & Longley.....	8	Boynton & Plummer.....	21
Simonds Manufacturing Co.....	9	Walbridge & Co.....	22
John A. White.....	9	Frank Chamberlain & Co.....	23
Jones & Lampson.....	9	Deane Steam Pump Co.....	23
Macullar & Son.....	10	Shreve, Crump and Low Co.....	24
Bay State House.....	11	Eastern Electrical Supply Co.....	24
Barnard, Sumner & Co.....	11	A. L. Bragg.....	24
Cleveland Machine Works.....	12	F. E. Reed.....	25
American Steam Gauge Co.....	13	H. A. Bowman.....	26
National Hot Water Heater Co.....	13	Norton Emery Wheel Co.....	27
Wheelock Engine Co.....	13	Geo. S. Dixon.....	27
Baldwin Locomotive Co.....	14	Hydraulic Manufacturing Co.....	28
Stewart Boiler Works.....	14	Everett O. Fiske & Co.....	28
Witherby, Rugg & Richardson.....	15	Graton & Knight Manufacturing Co...	28
Wadsworth, Howland & Co.....	16	Harvard Dry Plate Co.....	29
W. F. Gilman.....	16	John Kendall & Co.....	30
Geo. R. Macey.....	30		



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MORGAN CONSTRUCTION CO.,  
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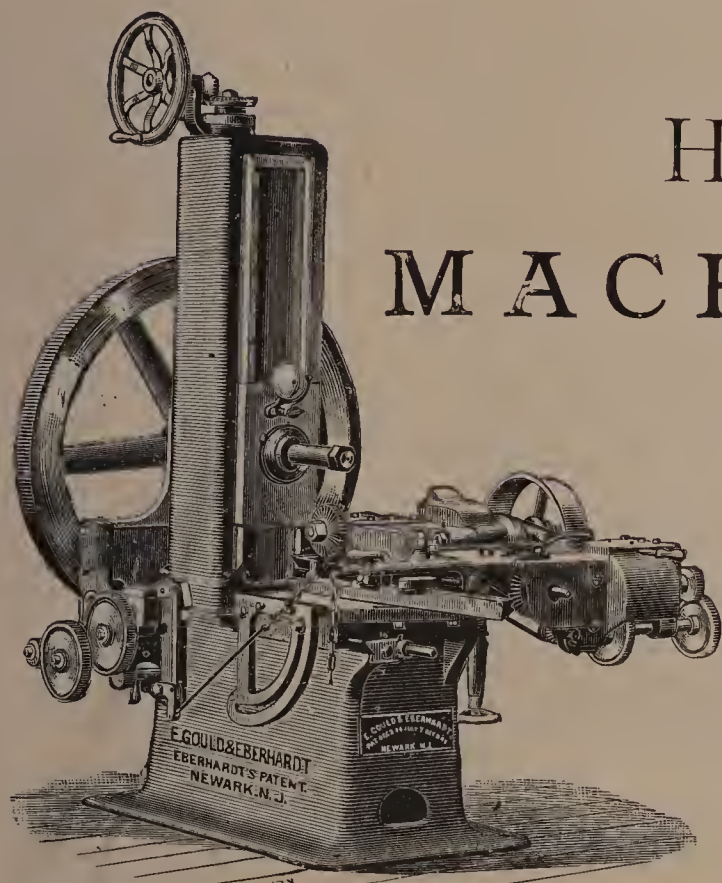
Rod rolling mill and wire drawing mill plants, and appliances for manufacturing  
Iron, Steel, Brass and Copper Wire.



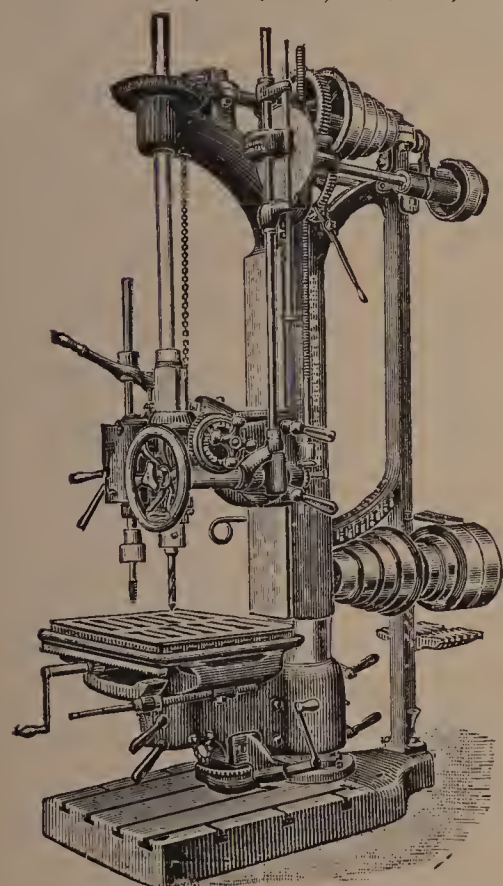
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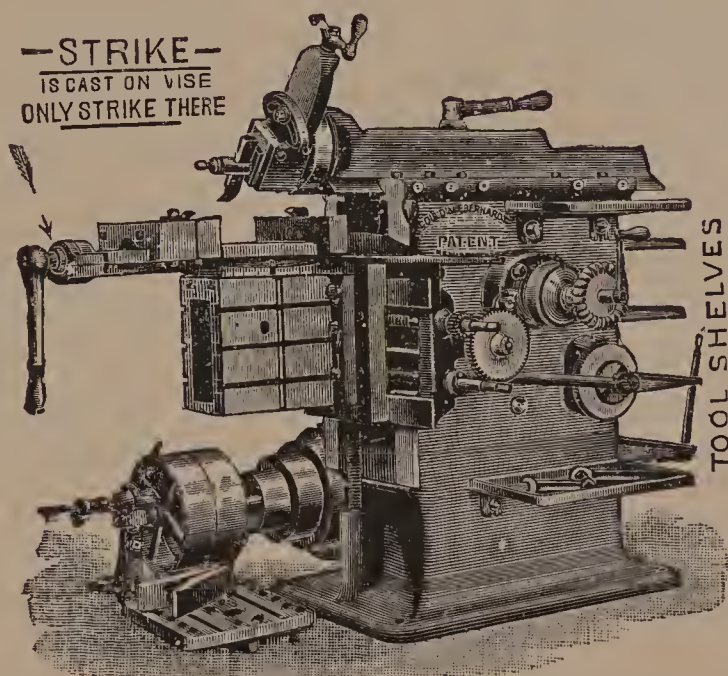


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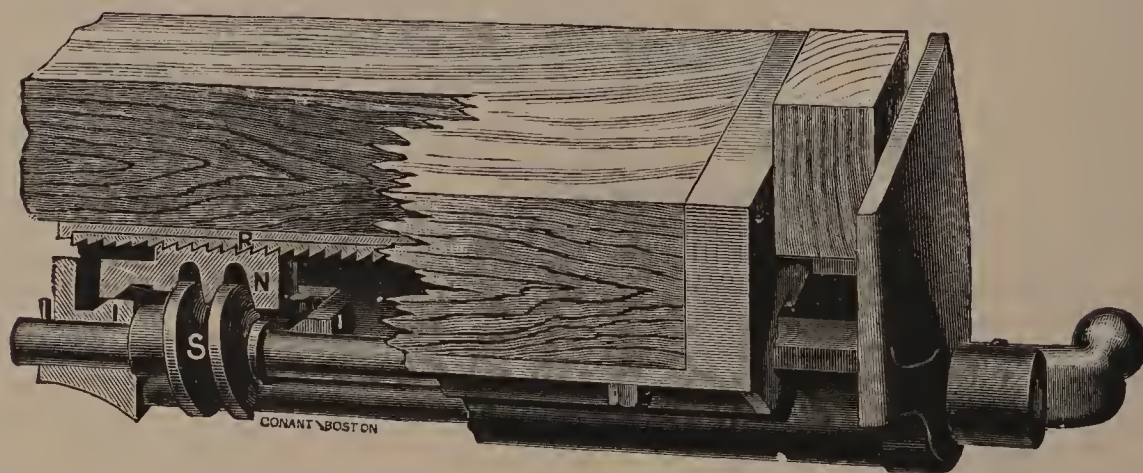
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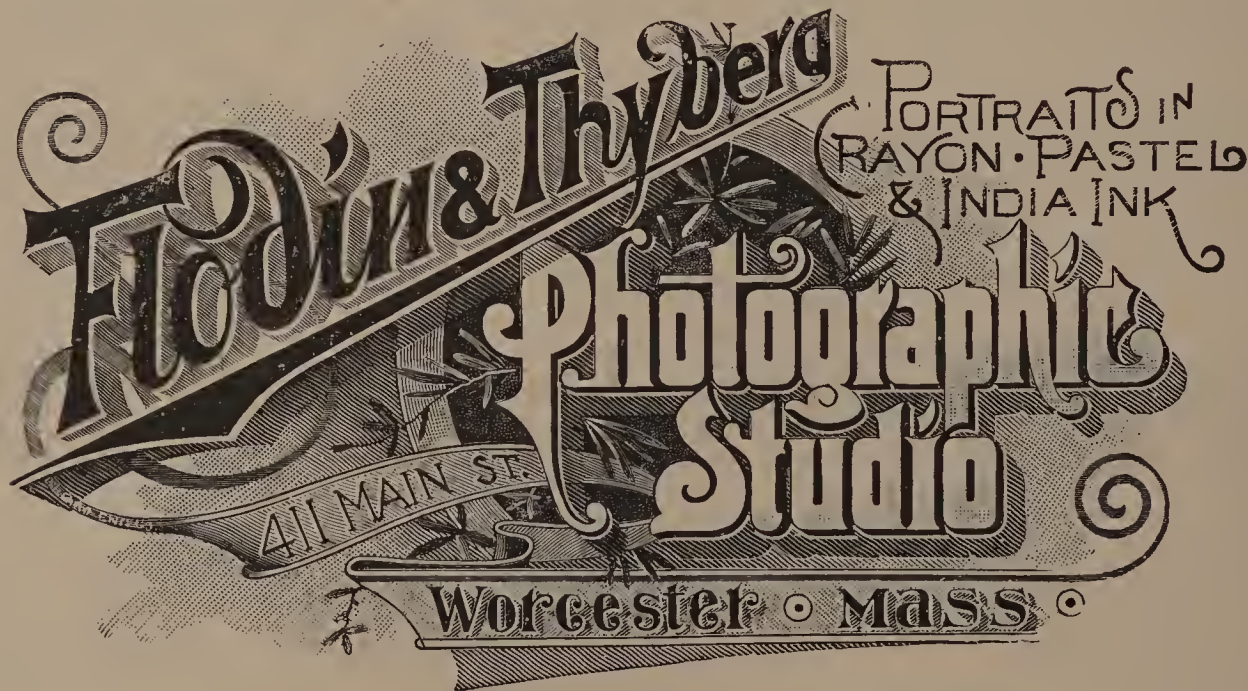
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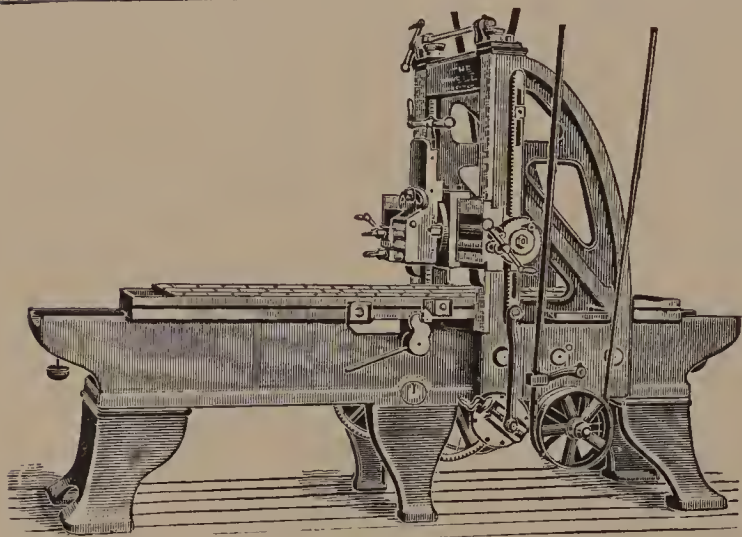
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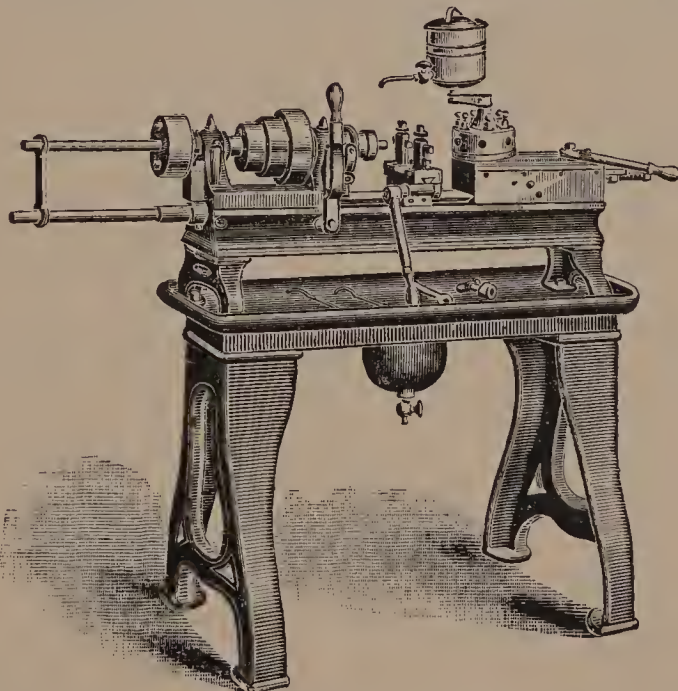
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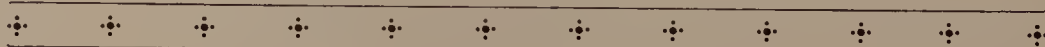


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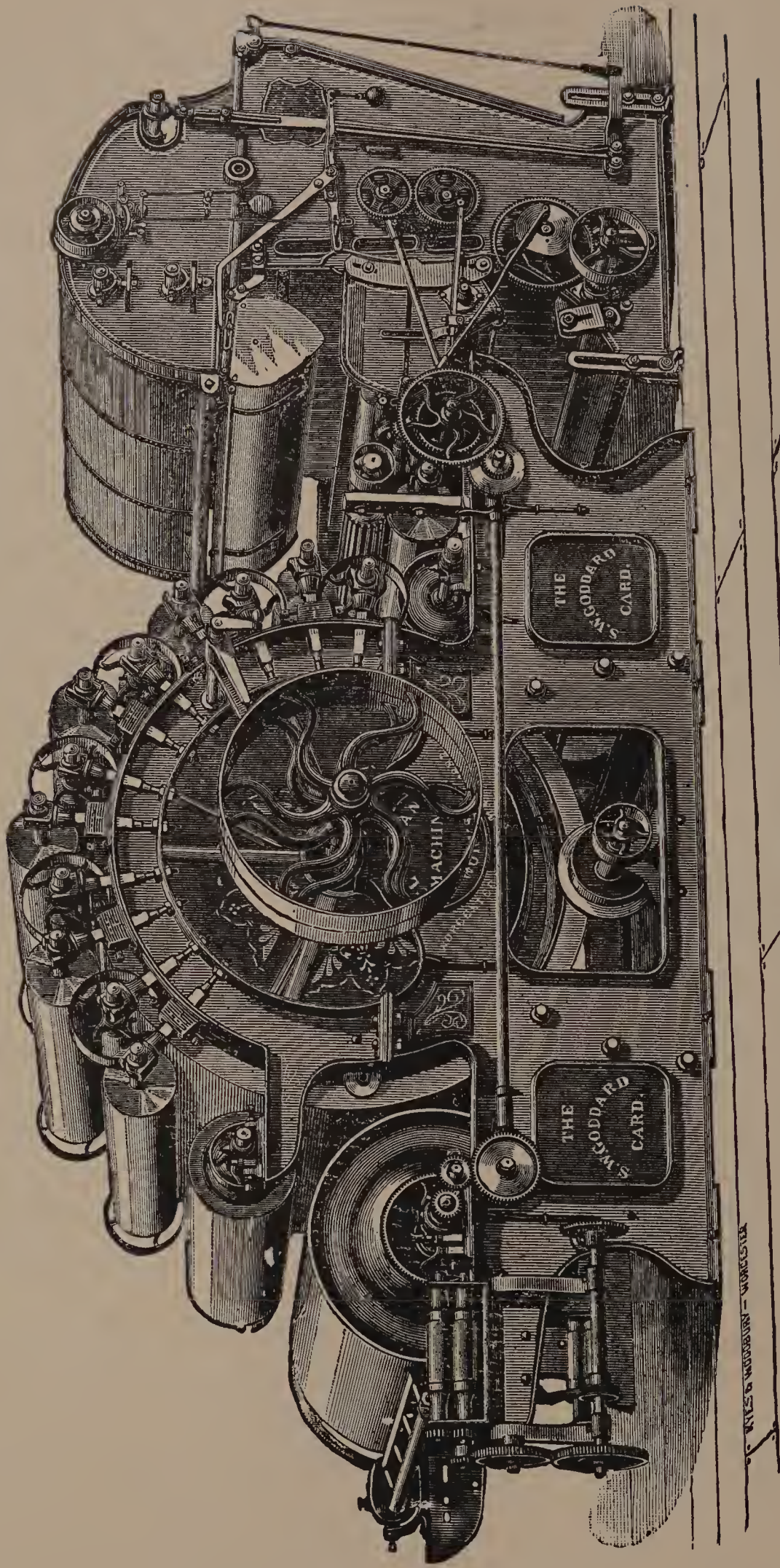
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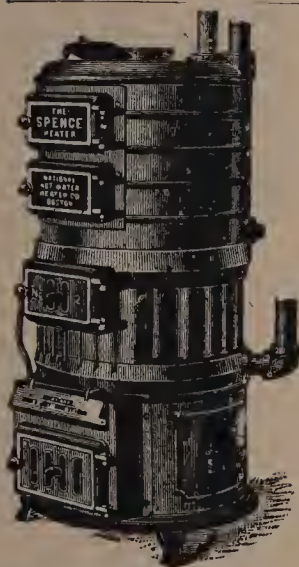
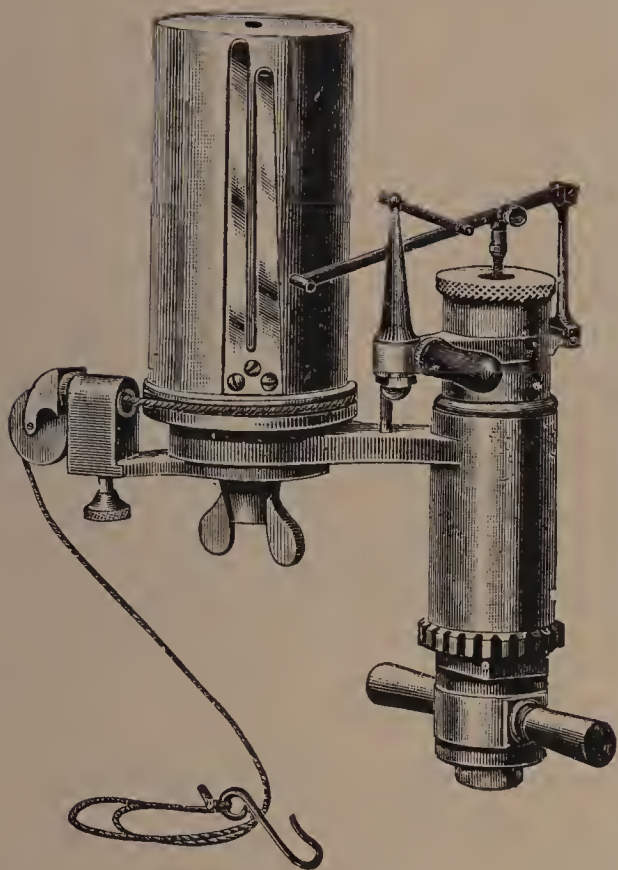
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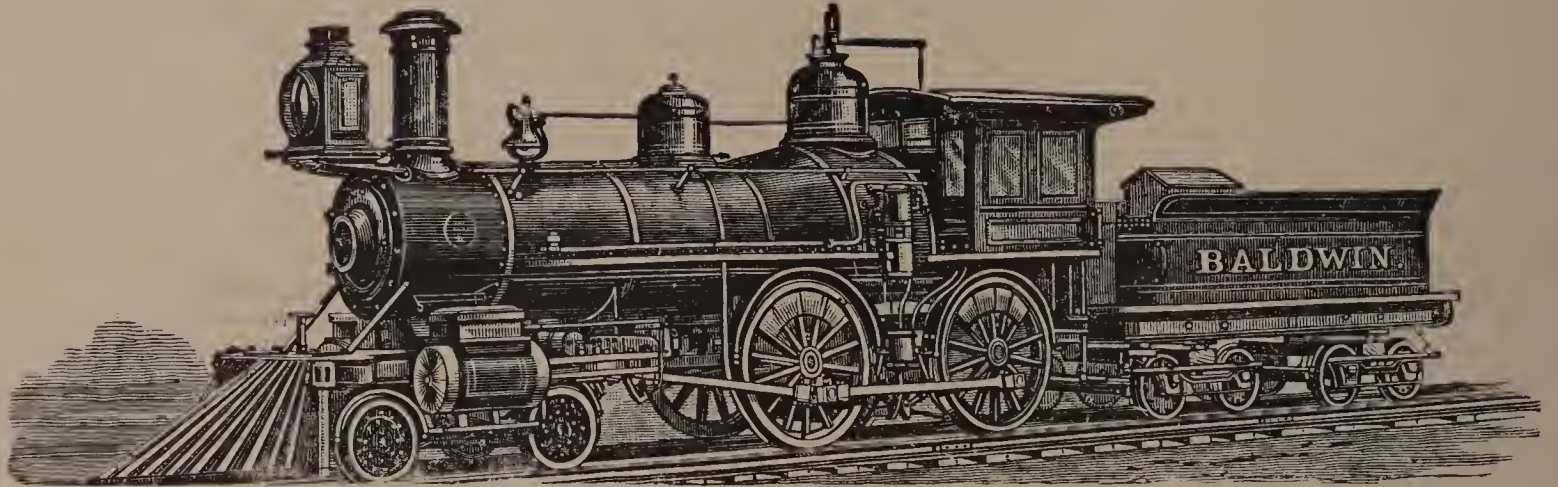


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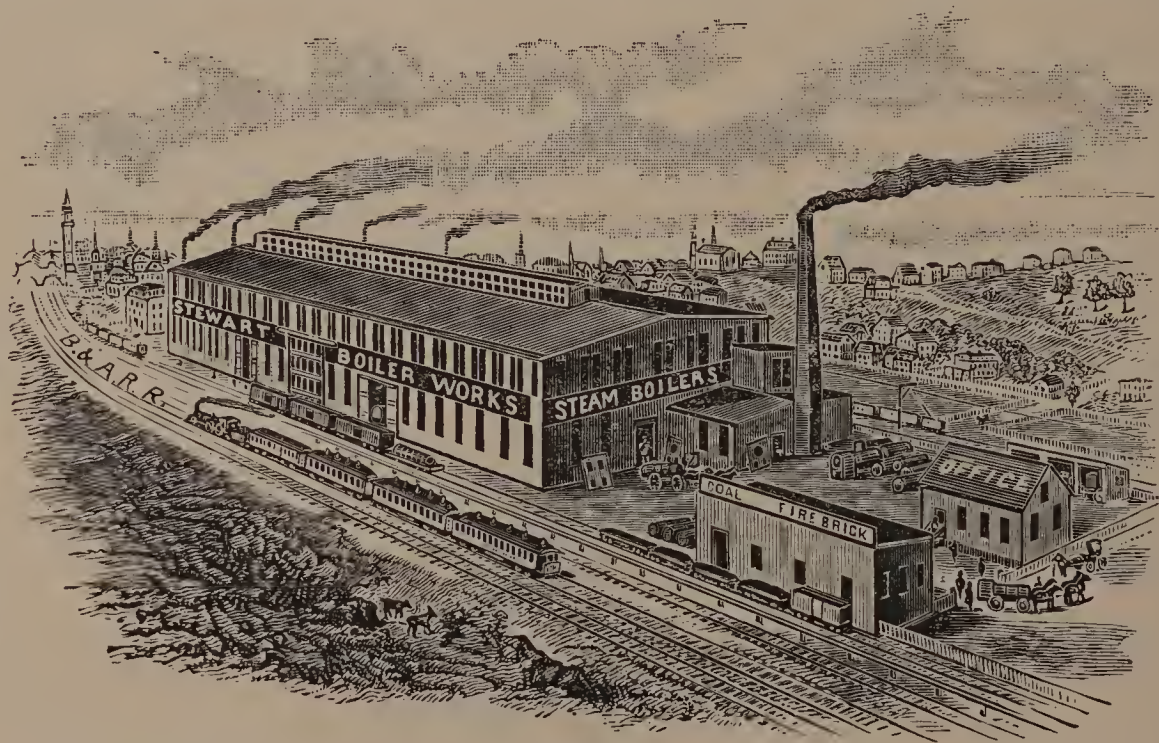
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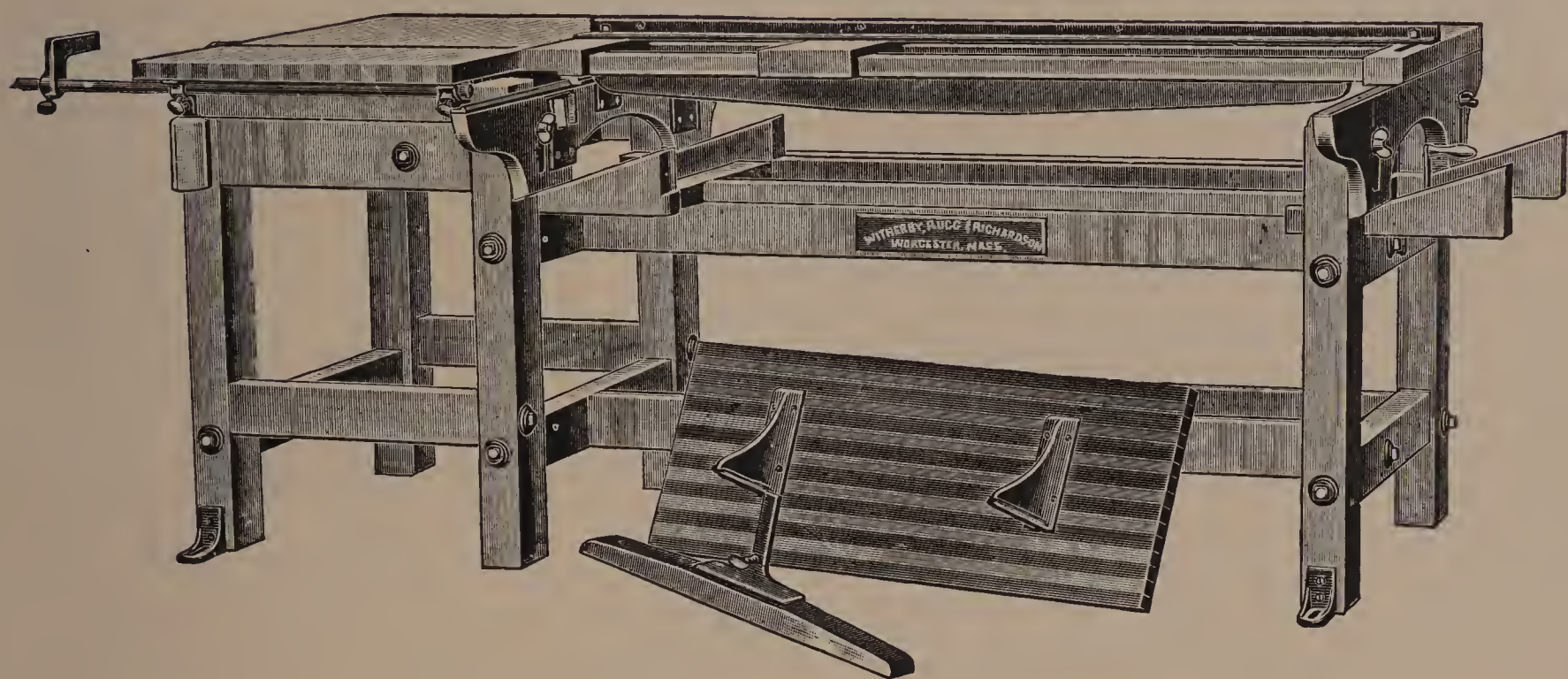
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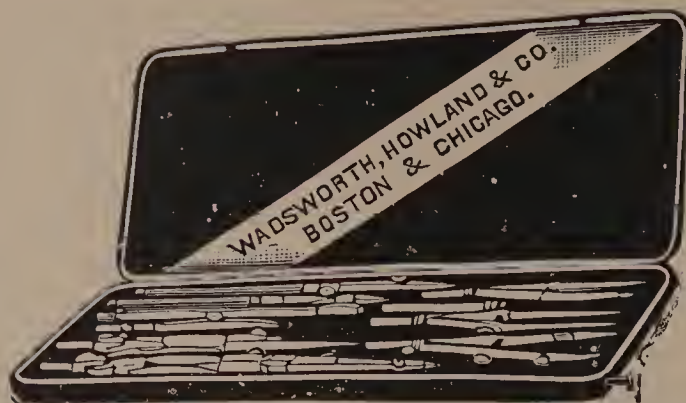
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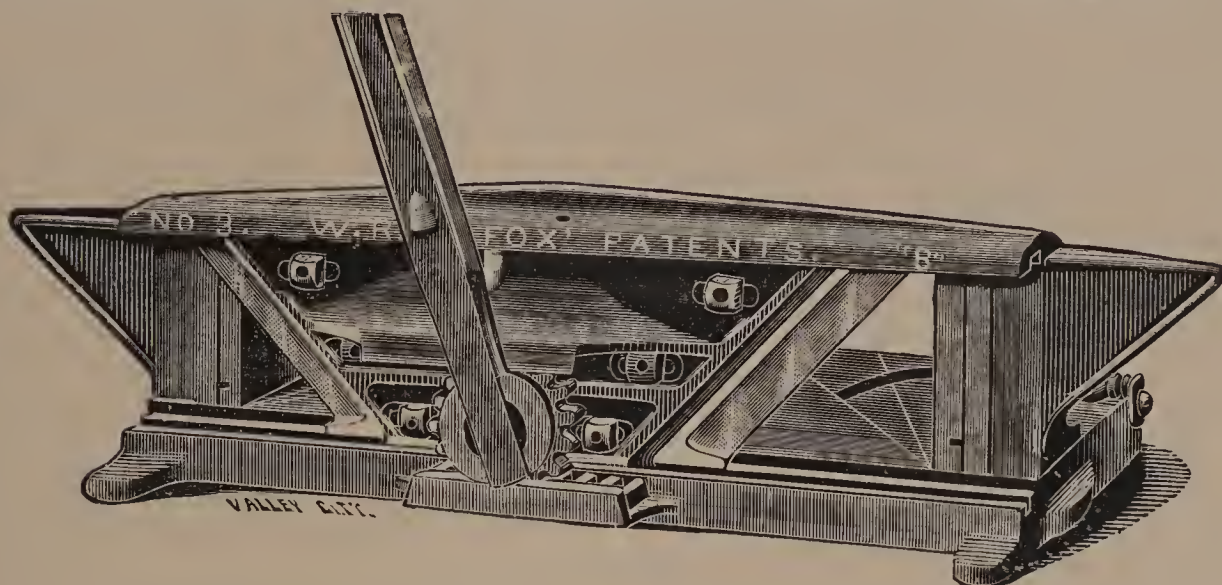
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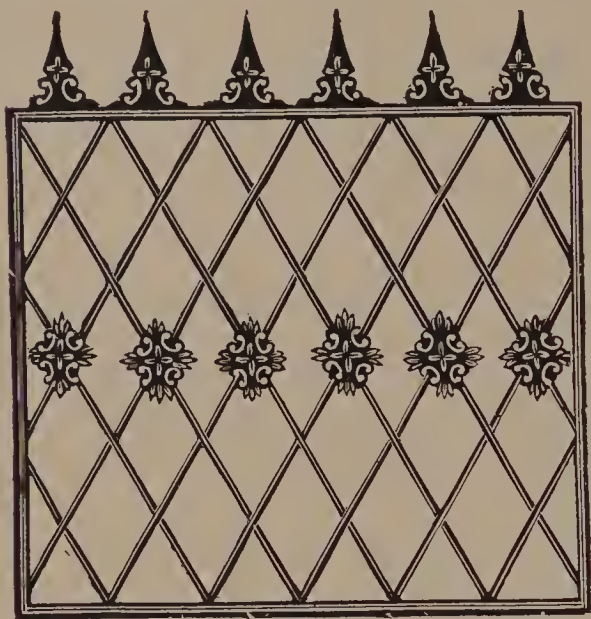
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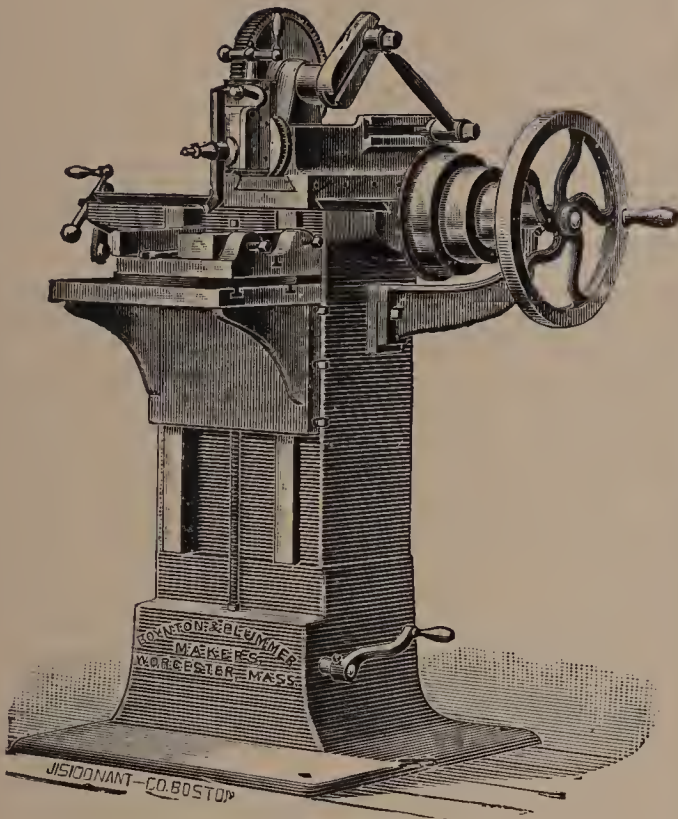
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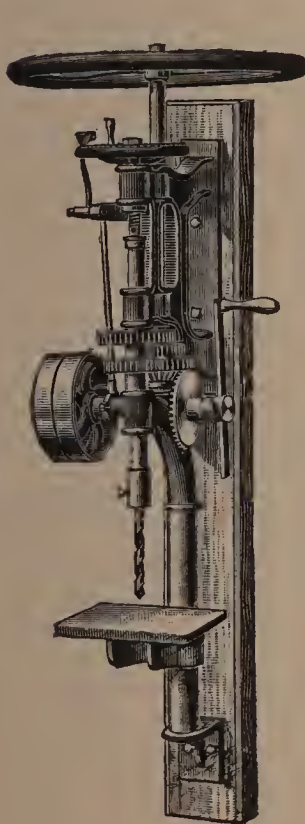


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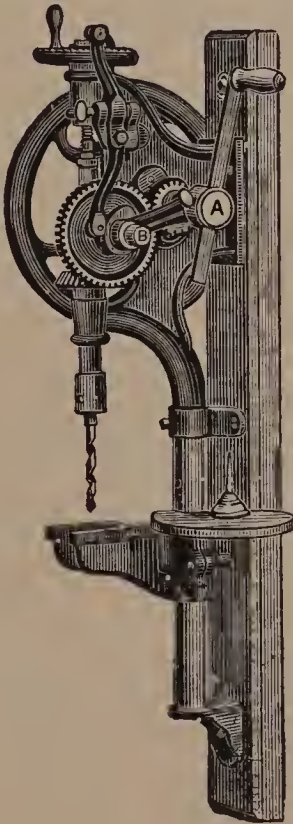
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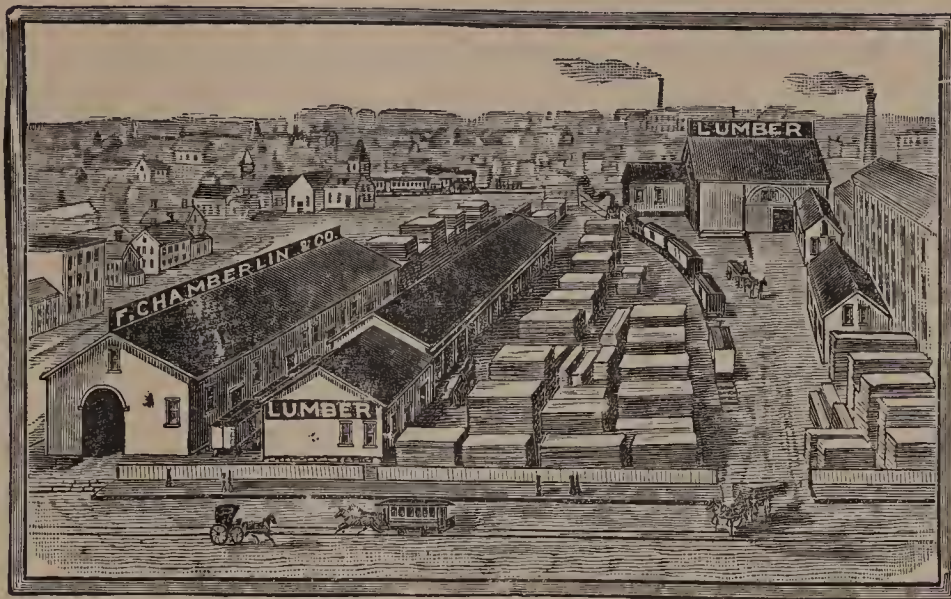
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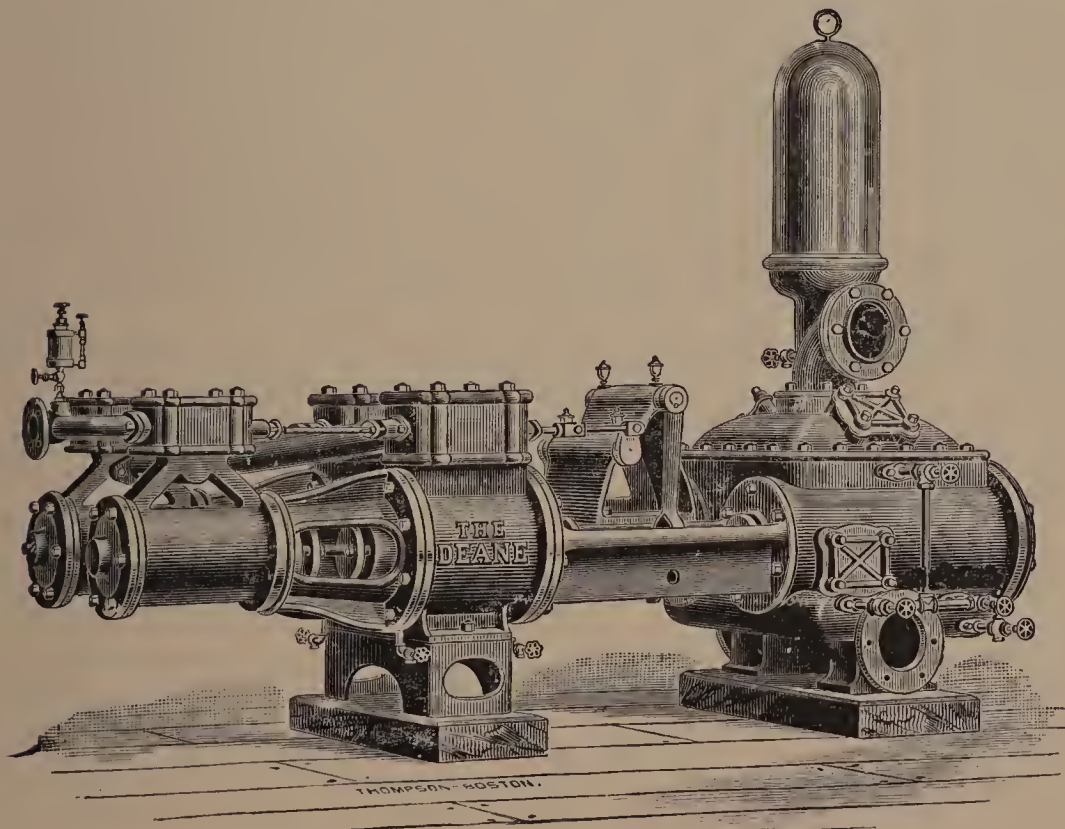
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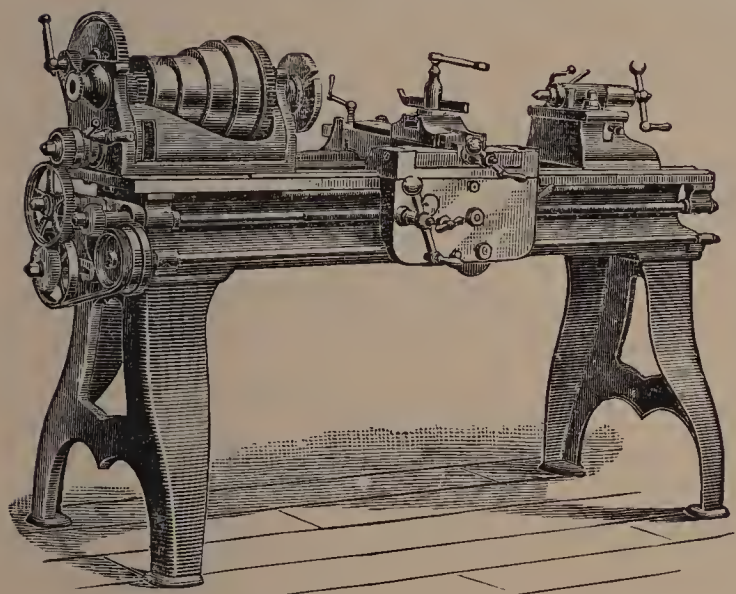
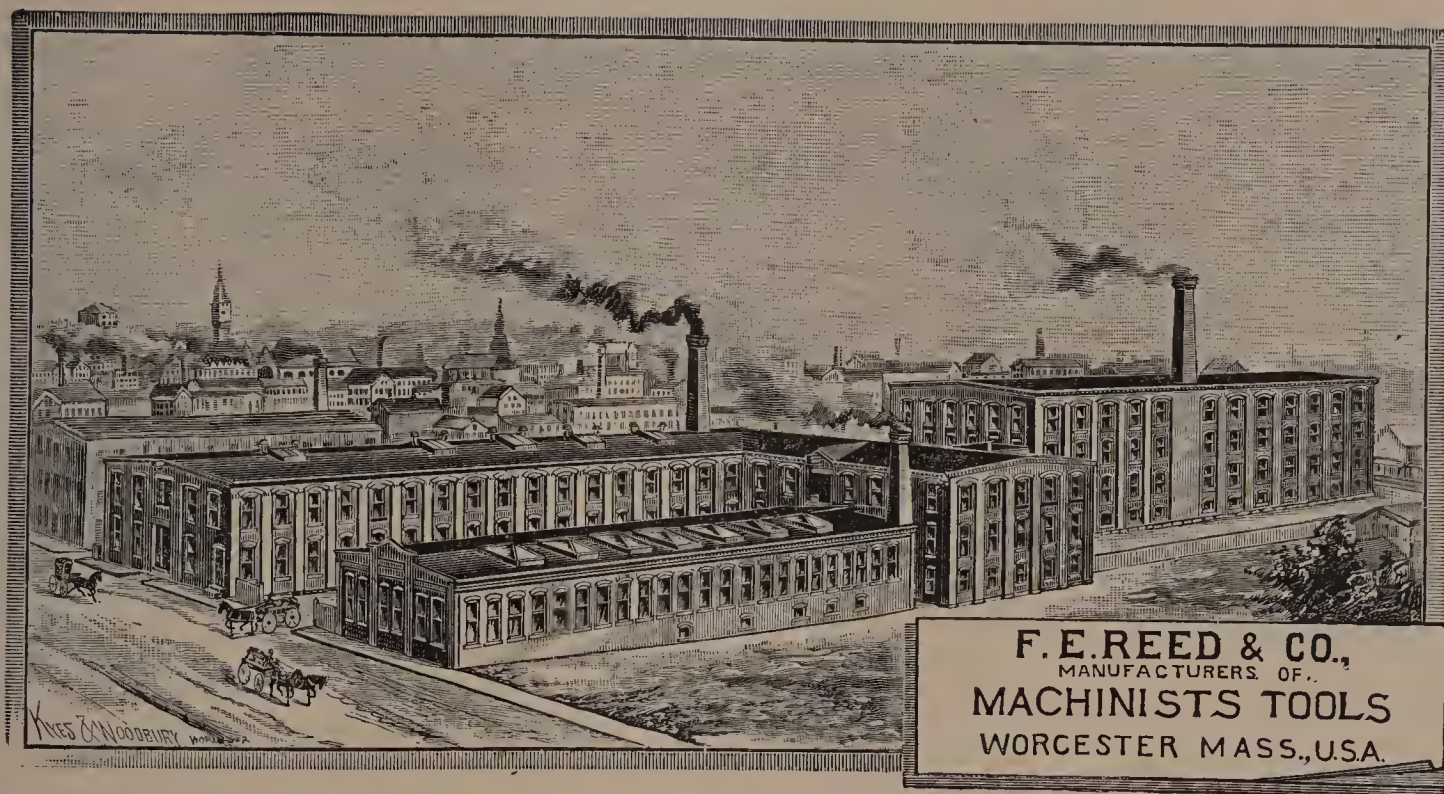
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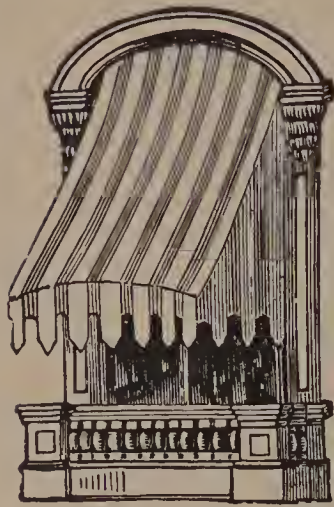
A. & M. College, Brazos Co., Texas.  
Albion College, Albion, Mich.  
Alabama Polytechnic Institute.  
Ann Arbor High School, Mich.  
Arkansas Industrial University.  
Bethesda Orphans' Home, Savannah, Ga.  
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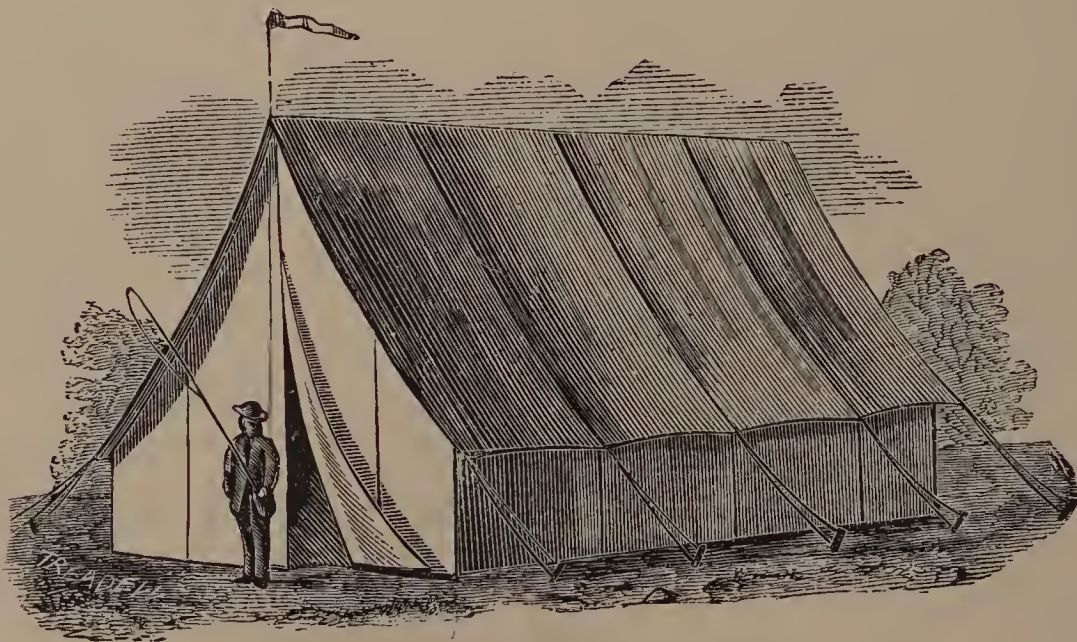
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